1259

THE FUNNY MAG

17109 1259

Polygamy
BY 'MEA'

Amarnath's Role
BY T. L. EDWIN.

Applications
BY A. C. PETERS.

also
J. H. ACOTT, DHALO
AND B. N. SAHAY.

20th MAY 1935

Single Copy : As 1-6.

S. BRAHMA

THE FUNNY MAGZIN OF INDIA.

ISSUED EVERY 5th & 20th OF THE MONTH

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THE FUNNY MAG

PUBLISHED ON THE 5TH & 20TH OF EVERY MONTH.

Vol. II. | MADRAS, 20th MAY, 1935. | No. 20.

BOUDOIR STUDY!

OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR OF BOOKS
12 JUN 1935
MADRAS

RAMU—"I can always tell a girl's character by the way she dresses."

VENKAT—"Really? I've never watched one dress!"

196753

FUNZIN'S FORTNIGHTLY COCKTAIL

A writer says that astrologers often predict the most dreadful events.

In fact, they frequently make it a real horror-scope.

***

A scientist says the world is rapidly decaying.

But that may be all rot, too.

***

A well-dressed man of no fixed abode was recently found guilty of circulating counterfeit rupees. Arrangements were made to provide him with a fixed abode.

***

When one of the M. U. C. cricketers scored a six, the ball struck a spectator. If this sort of thing becomes general, cricket spectators will only be able to sleep very fitfully.

***

"Mosquitoes are quite fearless," says an entomologist.

These daring insects think nothing of swooping down and biting a member of the College of Pestology.

***

A doctor says that everybody should sleep with their heads to the north.

And everybody should endeavour to lie on the right side—especially lawyers.

***

A tall man, according to one expert, can stand more intoxicating drink than a short one.

An unkind correspondant says that a tall Aberdonian can't stand any drink at all.

***

A bald-headed eagle has been seen in the forests. This disproves the recent contention that flying makes the hair grow.

***

"'No Smoking' notices follow one right through life," complains a tobacconist.

And after, we trust.

***

A man recently walked over a hundred miles to give himself up to the police.

We understand he is to be asked why he didn't run.

***

"Singing warms the blood," says a medical man.

Some singing makes ours boil.

***

"Men with the urge to travel rarely marry,' observes a psychologist.

The rolling stone gathers no boss.

***

"Chemists, as a rule, are friendly folk," remarks a writer.

Always ready to make it up.

***

"Fishermen who gamble on their catches" Plaice betting?

***

'American infants with mumps' reads a headline.

"Swell" kids.

***

Usually bachelors are much more talkative than married men, says a woman novelist. Wed men tell no tales.

***

A bellringer has completed 75 years bellringing.

Three-quarters of a century all tolled!

***

"Frequent water drinking," it is said, "prevents you becoming stiff in the joints."

Yes, but some joints don't serve water.

***

"With some things woman show a lot of pluck,"

With a pair of eyebrow tweezers, for instance.

***

Foot ballers should always keep cool, says a writer.

They certainly should, considering the number of fans in attendance.

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M2, N33F M

Amaranath's Role

By T. L. EDWIN.

AMARANATH was a great stage-star. He was one of those few men who couldn't resist from practising their art even out-side the theatre. He had just returned from a prosperous tour in Singapore and was spending a few days at Ceylon in the palatial Galle-face Hotel, on his way home. Now, with a few days to go, he wanted something to take back home. Wherefore he stepped out of the hotel. It was then he saw Laila.

THERE's a phrase about being knocked silly. In Amaranath's case probably it ought to be 'sillier.' The fact was he got it as bad as you possibly can and saw nothing but the face of Laila for days.

Amaranath was entranced by her beauty. He decided to practise his art on her and number her along with his twenty-two other conquests.

At about five-forty he went into the hotel, promenade expecting to see her, A little later she came out alone and sat down on a bench near by. Amaranath couldn't take his eyes off her. Then she seemed to become aware of him and looked at him. Amaranath was now once again the great actor. He walked up to her.

"Fine weather,' he began.

"Very," said Laila. Easily and naturally he sat down beside her. He was about to practise on her his role of unresistable lover, when he saw Nissar, a chance acquaintance of the hotel coming towards him. So Amaranath decided to put it off "Good day Amar," said Nissar seating himself between Amar and the girl.

The girl got up and walked away.

"Aint she swell ?", asked Amaranath.

"By Gosh yes," answered Nissar.

"Do you know her? inquired Amaranath.

"Yes, slightly," said Nissar and smiled, to himself.

"I intend to conquer this girl, Nissar."

"Oh! do you?" said Nissar with a strange light in his eyes.

"Yes. Though she is cold as ice and haughty she shall not escape me. When I use my arts on a dame, she is lost. Hitherto I have twenty-two conquests to my credit. Laila shall be the twenty-third."

Nissar regarded the great actor thoughtfully and lighted a cigarette.

"How do you intend starting about it?" he demanded.

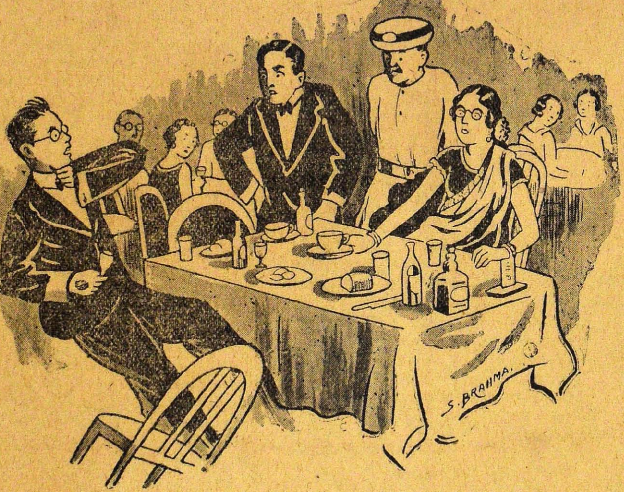
"Oh, the usual trick of course, the passionate appeal, words of tender love, fascinating glances and if she still resists, the grand finale!"

"And what might that be?" asked Nissar.

"The suicide stunt. I'll tell her

that I would commit suicide. You see I always carry with me this blue bottle marked poison. It really contains *sherbet*. But me a great actor can act, you may rest assured."

"Sure I know you are great," agreed Nissar. "But I would like to be in at the conquest. I like to see the great Amar in action" said Nissar.



Clutched at his throat and crashed to the floor.

"O. K. I'll tell what I'll do. I'll invite her to dinner. You may also come and then you will see my triumph."

That night sharp at nine p. m. Amaranath, Nissar and Laila were seated in the centre of the hall partaking dinner. Amaranath wanted to be triumphant and superb in his role and he wanted to be seen by the other people at the hotel.

He looked sufficiently miserable sighed deeply and flashed his love glances. Then suddenly he cried out.

"Laila, why do you torment me so? I love you terribly."

"Please keep your love-making for the stage," said Laila wish a smile.

"No. It's true love," protested Amaranath. "If you refuse to be mine, I'll drink poison and die in front of your eyes."

He said, this loudly for people near by to hear and diners at the other tables all turned and looked at the trio.

"By Jove, I mean it," said Amaranath and giving Laila one glance of love in his best professional manner, produced a blue bottle.

"Let me see it," said Nissar and took it from Amaranath.

"Yes 't is true. It's indeed Arsenic," he said and gave it back laughing loudly. By this time all the diners in the hall were looking at them.

"Well then, here I go," said Amaranath dramatically and drank the contents of the blue bottle. And the piece of acting that followed was superb and strikingly real. He started to his feet, stared horribly, clutched at his throat and crashed to the floor. Nissar gasped and many other people rushed up to the table. "Arsenic!" shrieked Nissar "He has poisoned himself," I'll go and get the police and phone for a doctor he said and rushed out.

Once outside he smiled. "Crazy fool!" he muttered "didn't you know that Laila was my sweet—heart and I love her dearly?" With that he threw the blue bottle away. The bottle contained *sherbet*!

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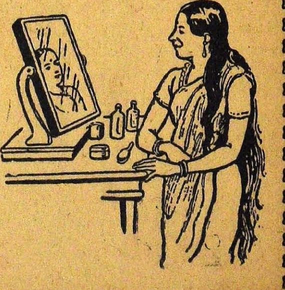

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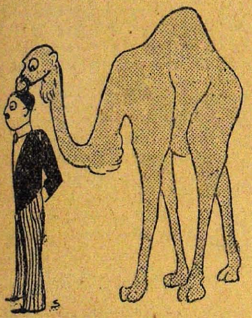
DO YOU BARK?

BY J. H. ACOTT.

OFFICE OF THE ... 12 JUN 1935

AS many famous medical men have already told the world, there are a great many diseases that



It licked my hair down.

are supposed to be contracted solely by animals but which are also common to human beings. I do not profess to be a famous medical man, nor do the two diseases I am going to talk about come into the above category, but that as the monkey said when somebody offered him a carrot that he thought was a Brazil nut, is neither here nor there. If I don't sound serious don't take any notice of me. Just say "This fellow's mad!" and I'll be quite satisfied.

FIRST, let us take that awful disease, mange. I had this once, having, strangely enough, contracted it from a camel. This occurred in the following manner:— One day I lost my Anzora; my hair was of the variety "Fly-Blown"—— that is, "Blown all over the place by the slightest exhalation of a fly," and while I was walking to my friend Jones's place in the Sahara for a cup of tea a camel saw my hair sticking up. Being a nice camel with a kind and helpful feeling in its chest pad it licked my hair down, Thus I got mange.

But that's getting away from the point. Mange is caused by a parasite. The meaning of "parasite" is arrived at from the two syllables, "para" meaning "what a", and "site." meaning "sight." This means that when you get mange, everybody says to you——"Parasite!", which, being interpreted into the language of Bilge, is "What a sight!" And believe me you are! Your moustache falls out and gets into the soup, and when you swallow your soup, you get appendicitis due to one of your moustache hairs sticking into your vermiform appendix. The hair falls out of your head and lies about on your shoulders, and your wife says, "Who, you traitor to the home, were you out with last night? Yes, mange is a terrible thing!

Well, that's mange. Apart from the itching it causes, it has only one other good point And that is—if a lady gets it, she needn't spend so much money on patent hair removers and depilatories.

Hydaophobia or rabies in human beings is another terrible disease If you don't believe me, come along to my place and see me. The way I can bark and run round in circles trying to catch one of my hind legs is truly marvellous!

But once more I digress. The first symptoms are thirst, fever, and languour. You first become thirsty and drink all the bottles of whisky you can lay your hands on. Then you get fever and tell your boss you can't go to work because your great-grandmother has just had twins. And, lastly. you get languorous——that is, you start imitating a lounge lizard. In other words, you long for a pretty girl, (other than your wife, who is not so pretty,) to come and languor with you all over your drawing room couches.

The hydrophobist too, suddenly starts up in his sleep and looks round, becoming languid afterwards. You look round because you can't believe you've been mad enough to marry the woman beside you. And you become languid because you think of the morrow and the rolling pin your wife is going to use on your head.

Later on, the hydrophobist becomes savage. That means that even a worm will turn, and a wife can't go on shouting at you for ever. (Don't forget that I'm talking about rabies in men) You also tear to pieces anything that is offered to you. If your wife presents the aforementioned rolling pin at your head, you promptly chew it up to splinters. If she sticks her clenched hand under your nose and says, "See that!" you gnaw her fist off, If she becomes gentle and says, "Darling, see what a beautiful leg I've got!" you think she's not so bad after all.

A very convenient variation of the same disease is dumb rabies. This is where you say nothing at all for days on end. When the tradesmen come to you with their bills, you point to your uvula and say "Ah——ah——ah!", meaning, "Brothers, I am dumb!" The lower jaw also drops through paralysis of the muscles. It hangs down at a great angle, too, when your wife says she doesn't mind your going to the movies with your pretty girl neighbour.

And drink all the bottles of whisky.

When you suspect yourself of having contracted rabies, you chain yourself up where children, dogs, cats, men,

(Continued on page 9)

A Choice of Smells

At Salt Lake City Sir Henry heard a story from the Bishop Moulton. It was of a lady who went to the Bishop and complained of the use of incense in the church which she atteded. The Bishop replied to her complaint by saying: "Well, madam, in the next world you will be obliged to have one of two smells, incense or brimstone You can take your choice."

The Dialogue

The following dialogue, we are told, occurred between the inspector in charge of Leman Street Police Station and an old Irish woman:—

The woman: "I want to report a copper for hitting my son."

Inspector: What's his name ?"

The woman: "Shure an' I don't know. They call him 'Bogy' '"

Inspector: "What's his number ?"

The woman: "What do yer mane by his number ?"

Inspecosr: "What's he got on his collar ?"

The woman: "Oh, it's what's he got on his collar yer want to know. He's got three ducks and a gate!" His number was 222 H!

A Useful Elephant.

An American who wished to take home a really original souvenir bought a baby Sumatra elephant in Batavia. But when it was brought to the quay, the liner's captain refused to take it on boasd. So a few minutes before the ship sailed the frantic American had to sell the elephant back to its owner for half the sum he gave for it.

From that day onwards the animal became an unquenchable source of revenue to its owner, for whenever a tourist ship came in it was sold to an unsuspecting traveller. sometimes for 1,000 guilders, sometimes for 500, but with the certain knowledge that half the money and the whole elephant would remain in its proprietor's hands the day the ship sailed.

Unfortunately for the wily Malay, one animal-loving buyer forfeited her passage when the captain refused to permit the embarkation of the newly acquired "souvenir," and waited until she could find a shipping company which would allow her to travel with her faithful charge. However, in spite of this contretemps it was the Malay who won in the end, for having been asked by the lady about the feeding of her pet, he glibly replied: "A dozen tins of condensed milk a day, plenty of fruit, and one stack of hay a week."

Hay and milk were expensive in Java, and after a fortnight the lady decided that the creature was too much of a luxury. So the Malay bought it back—and smilingly awaited the next ship!

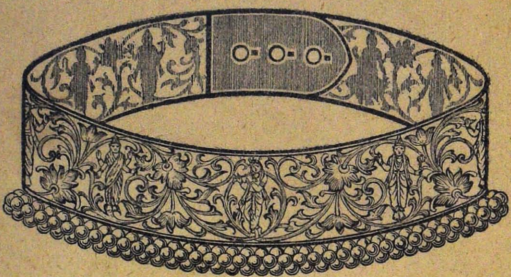
A Friendly Tip

Sir Esme Howard, formerly British Ambassador at Washington, told Sir Henry the tale of a Roman Catholic cardinal who was driving rapidly along one of the streets in an American city. He was stopped by a policeman, and when he remonstrated, the policeman said; "Shure, I wouldn't be stopping Your Eminence, but there happens to be a Protestant policeman at the corner of 66th Street, and I thought I would just let Your Eminence know."

The Frightened Passenger

During the War George Birmingham crossed over from America in the ill-fated *Lusitania*. On that voyage, he says, a Jewish passenger was so frightened that he begged someone to sit up with him during the last night when they were steaming up St. George's Channel. A young man from Canada agreed to do so:—

"Next morning when we arrived at Liverpool Lord Castlemaine and I came across this young man looking extremely unhappy. When we talked to him he confessed that the Jew had insisted on playing cards during the night and had won all his money."



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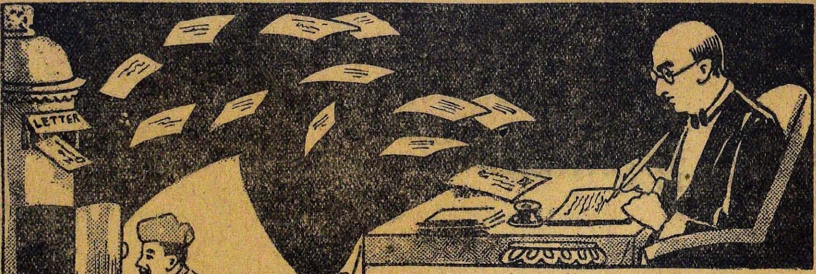
THE LETTER



By BOBBY

I was watching the post man this morning,
watching and waiting to see,

If out of his well-filled budget, he was
bringing one letter to me·

Until as I lingered and wondered and
doubted and hoped, why it came·

My letter—and bore in one corner the
most popular Magazine's name·

Meanwhile in a flutter of pleasure, I
opened the missive, and lo !

Instead of kind words of acceptance, the
Editor coolly said 'no:'

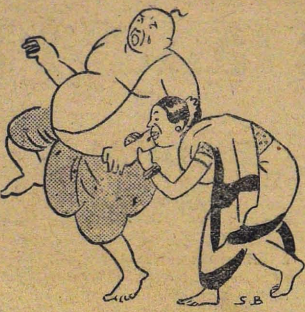
Not even a reason to soften the force of
the terrible blow,

But ' regret ' and 'obliged to decline it' and
' thanks' and 'yours truly,' you know·

(Continued from page 5)

and chickens can't get near you. It's obvious that you might bite the children, dogs, cats, and men. But if the chickens get near you, they may peck lumps out of you, and you will then get Chickenitis, which means that you'll start laying eggs and cackling about it. There is no stipulation that women or your wife shouldn't come near you. If you are a wise hydrophobist, you will chain yourself to one of your wife's legs and bite her in the shin bone now and then.

This snapping at imaginary objects comes in very handy in the Monsoon. You can then catch a few of those annoying mosquitoes. You can also imagine your wife is a piece of beautiful raw meat and snap at her. And, when you go to the bazaar, you can snap up a baragain. Also, if anyone wants to run away with your wife, you can snap at the man's offer.



As soon as you know you have got hydrophobia beyond any shadow of doubt, you must start thinking of every poor animal and human being that might be bitten by you. This obviously means that you must destroy yourself as soon as possible. You can do this by either or all of three methods Firstly, you can chew and swallow any large boulder that is conveniently handy, Secondly, you can bite yourself in the jugular vein. Add thirdly, (this is not very pleasant), you can ask your wife to shoot you.

Well, that concludes this little talk on these two diseases. If the Editor thinks that I am being of invaluable service to man-kind, he will publish this article. If not, he'll just say, " This fellow's mad ! ", and I'll be quite satisfied !

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Rs. 10 for each and every solution with one mistake.
Rs. 50 for the first correct solution received
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ENTRANCE FEE ANNAS 2 PER ENTRY. **Closing Date 9—6—35.**

No.	WORDS.	CLUES.
1.	— E N	1. A Female bird.
2.	S — IRT	2. A garment
3.	LA — — — S	3. Females.
4.	— — RE	4. Unmixed
5.	— UM	5. Strong Drink.
6.	LA —	6. Slack.
7.	— OTE	7. Mark.
8.	— ALL	8. Part of a house.
9.	T — — TH	9. Found inside the mouth.

RULES. An entrance fee of As. 2 per entry must be sent either in Indian Postal stamps or by postal order or by Money order. Entries may be submitted on plain pieces of paper. The correct solution is one which exactly tallies with the sealed solution deposited with the Proprietor of Funny Mag. The manager's decision is final. Entries should reach Maruthy & Co., before the evening of 9—6—35. The correct solution of this competition will be published in the Funny Mag of 20—6—35 and the prizes will be sent before 30—6—35.

Address all entries and M. O's to
The Manager,
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Perambur Barracks, P. O.
MADRAS.

Velu Missing letters competition No. 1 Results.

The correct solution is as follows:—

1. BASKET. 2. DALI. 3. AULD. 4. SAX. 5. HOG. 6. POT. 7. PUN.

The first prize of Rs 300 has been won by 1. G. C. Chellam, Nandyal. 2. Seshadri Naidu, Pallavaram. 3. H. Narasimmiah, Bezwada. 5. Ranga Prasad, Bombay. 6. L. Subbusamy, Madras. 7. H. H. Papiah Chetty, Madras.

The second prize of Rs. 200 has been won by 45 competitors and the prize has been divided amongst them. All prizes have been sent on 9th May 1935.

Scribes and Fallacies

By DHALO.

I like my friend Dewin because he is like the associated Press, for nothing ever remains in his mind without his broad-casting it. He is a fellow-scribe too. So when he flew into my house one morning as I was having my break-fast, I greeted him cordially and pressed him to put the nose bag with me and have a snack.

He joined me at the table with a rather willing unwillingness and looked at me pensively.

"CHUM of my chums" he said as he balanced a wobbly poached egg on buttered toast "I am going to give the writing business the air".

"What! whatever for?" I asked in surprise.

"Because I am in the deep and I am getting the creeps over the Penman stint. I have done so much of late that I have begun to find something to write on, in everything. If I see a man taking snuff I think of a vacuum cleaner. When he eats a banana, I liken him to an alligator catching fish. In fact I am getting the willi-walloose".

I smiled at his grousing.

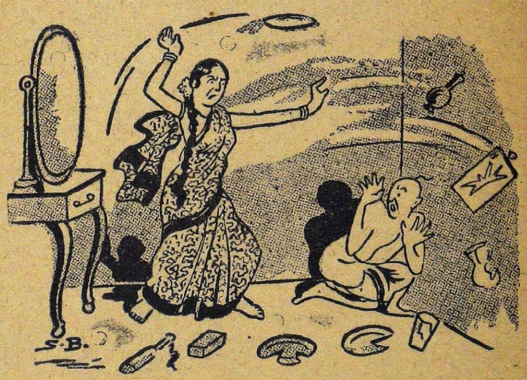
"It is good, man. You will become a famous scribe as quick as your pen can scratch snow-white paper. Keep a note book to jot down your brain-waves."

He nearly dislocated his nose by tilting it right up to his forehead.

"But I am suffering. The other day in the Train a chap seated by me let out a deep breath to express his disgust of the heat wave. I immediately thought of the vacuum brake and inadvertantly said 'Vacuum leaks'. The guy hearing me glared at me and gave me two minutes' awful concentrated blashphemy. He expressed in no uncertain terms that it was people like me, polluting the railway, that cut the digits in the railway earnings. Again, one morning as I lay parked in my bed unwillingly contemplating the cieling I saw my wife powdering her nose. I thought aloud and gave out 'She French chalked her Proboscis gingerly like a chimpanzee picking a tick off its nose'. That fired my wife's ire whose death I hoped to get a juicy legacy. She has cut me entirely now, as I wrote something about an imaginary aunt and the cap happened to fit her".

"I am sorry" I said "But don't fret. Concentrate on the silver lining".

"Silver lining indeed! What about the other scribblers, who keep writing about me merely because I dabble in a bit of ink-slinging. One chap cackles about my health and recommends me for a holiday on X'mas Eve. I may have taken whisky on



'Take this and this and this' She fumed.

and she erupted like a volcano. She raised Cain.

'Take this and this and this' she fumed and with every word peppered me with face powder, rouge, lipstick and hair-wash and when I got up I looked more like a circus clown than a human guy."

You must learn to keep your tongue" I advised.

Dewin sucked his teeth and waved a fork at me.

"Wait! the bill of lading is not complete. You know my aunt Emily who used to send me rich presents for my Birth-day and for X'mas and at that festive day and may have drunk up like a fish dug up from Sahara! But does it matter? I wonder how the free flow of whisky into my tummy tickles him except to excite green-eyed jealousy. He bungs into me again and wonders how I would get on in my post-Mortive life without bars and taverns. He does not realise that in case I peg out, my wily tongue may Coax St Peter to give me cowfy diggings with a tantolus and syphon fitted.

Another chap embellishes his writings by saying that dogs run away from me. He is right. No Canine will stay within a furlong of me. I can bite you know, and chew

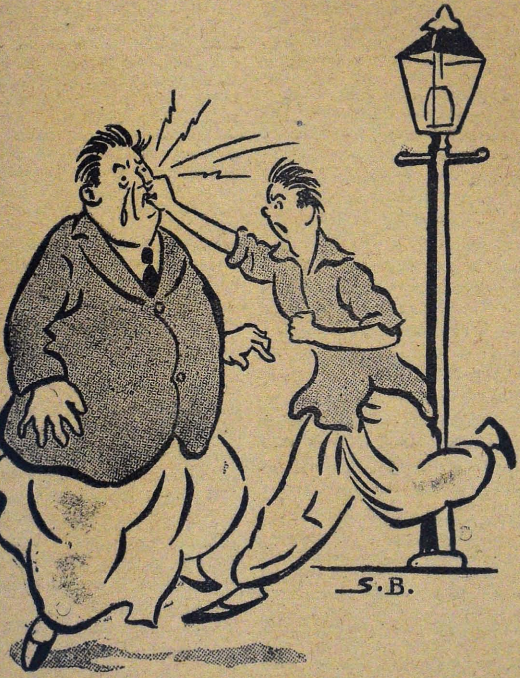
too. I can chew hippos, a deal-door and two flights of stairs. And Editors —specially those who cross my path by publishing stories about me—I simply revel in chewing them up."

"You are a wonder Dewin" I observed as he warmed into his excited outpourings.

"Yes, that is me all over. If you don't believe me I shall tell you what happened at the Cross Roads near

the eye and gave a juicy one on his Solar-Plexus and sent his face so much out of shape that even his dear Ma could not have make out her pet kid. The doctor who proved him the next day found the immortal ingredient in him had contracted malignant Globe-Trottels and left its dirty abode."

"You are great, Dewin" I smiled. "But were you sleepy when your wife worried you ?."



I socked him on the face.

Humbug Bakkum one night. Without proving myself or contracting my biceps on account of my modesty I shall tell you everything without any boastfulness. One night a burly man, a big hulking brute, a foot-pad, a cat - burglar and a prize-fighter all rolled into one, happened to get fresh with me. We exchanged our entitlements and talked of the weather, Saar Plebiscite, five-year plan etc. We disagreed and he started the rough game. He asked for it and got it. I socked him on the face, biffed him in

"How" he replied "that is a different matter. But I am bothered all round."

"Then don't write' I based.

"Oh, that won't do. If would mean no fuel in the kitchen, no food in the larder, no oats on the table and no vitamins in the tummy."

"How can I help you ?" I asked. Dewin's wide eyes grew wider. He looked into mine with a doleful air.

"Just lend me a fiver" he said.

I could not possibly refuse as I had volunteered to help. As he pocketed it he said.

"Since you have been kind, I shall tell you a story that is now buzzing in my brain-box. You might use it as a plot."

"Spout it" I said, amused.

"Once upon a time" he began "when the art of writing had only just sprouted up and scribes were a rare commodity there lived a king, a queen and a scribe. The king was a gay bird, the queen, a jealous harpy and the scribe a starved rat One day the king employed the scribe to write a love note to one of the fair ladies of his realm. Expecting heavy reward the scribe wrote a ten-page gush for his monarch. But the king was a miser too and when the scribe asked for payment he knitted his Royal brows and ordered the man to clear out. But the wily scribe, with his tougue in his cheek, prayed to the king to autograph with the Royal seal the copy of the letter he had kept with him. Happy to avoid payment, the king readily consented. But the next day the scribe met the king and whispered something into the Royal ears. The monarch gasped and immediately ordered his high chancellor to pay the scribe a thousand gold mohurs. And it came to pass that every week the scribe wheedled a thousand Mohurs out of the king's treasury. What do you think the scribe had whispered to the king? I see you smiling. No, No, you can't guess it. If you are a married man you will know it That is what a scribe can do. The pen is mightier than even kings. So, you kind lender of Fivers, I mean to stic on to my ink-slinging job.

"But you told me just now that you hated the Pen-man stunt" I interposed rather peeved,

"Yes I did" he replied "Thank you for the fiver."

He left with a smile.

Another five-rupee note gone west.

PUBLIC SERVANTS

By B. N. SAHAY.

RECLINED on a soft couch in the luxuriously furnished drawing room of his mansion, Rai Bahadur Seth Kishen Chand was perusing his morning dak when his eyes fell upon a curiously-tinted e n v e l o p e. Out of mere curiosity he tore out the envelope and took out the neatly typed parchment. As he went through its contents, his face flushed and turned pale. His hands began to tremble and the letter fell upon the carpet at his feet. The contents ran thus :—

Inevitable Home.
10—7—30

Rai Bahadur,

We are in urgent need of a sum of Rs. 20,000/- which we confidently think you can well manage to spare. Your failure to comply with this request within a week may mean something very serious. The money should be kept near the tank outside your garden. You should not think otherwise. Ours is a worthy cause.

Your well wishers,
Public Servants.

THE contents of the letter was enough to make the blood of Rai Bahadur run cold. Though the Rai Bahadur was not a man to be afraid of such threats, yet his courage failed him at this critical moment. Instantly a vision of his strongly built house, his sturdy servants numbering in scores, his unbreakable main gate, last but not the least his rifle, flitted through his brain but it was soon overcast by a gloomy shadow of pesimistic thoughts, viz., of the servants proving faithless, of the number of robbers being sufficient to dismantle his safeguards. A question suggested itself to his innerself "should I pay this amount?" Instantly there came another voice from within "of course not", it is so hard earned" and then he remembered the police and sent for the village Sub-Inspector.

Rai Bahadur Seth Kishen Chand was a big landlord and a well known money lender of Rampur, a sub-divisional town in the district Partabgarh. He had a big title as well. He had amassed a fabulous wealth by unduly dishonest and unscrupulous exaction of rents, interests and other dues from his poor tenants and borrowers and would hardly hesitate to suck the blood, if any were left of the poor helpless cultivators. He was often heard to say "there is nothing unfair in earning money". Of course, he was always ready to part with a thousand or so for a party to the district officer or other high officials but would not spare even a pie for needy helpless persons. His only son was at a college far off from his place. In matters of principle, however, the father and the son were worlds apart.

While brooding over this perplexity he was rudely disturbed by the opening of the door and in came the Sub-Inspector with a ready question "What is the matter, Rai Bahadur ?"

Without speaking a single word, he passed the letter on to the Sub-Inspector, and waited for his reply. Having read the letter the Sub-Inspector laughed and said "Do you fear these threats, Sir, ha ha ha"

Hiding his fear Sethji said with a forced smile "not at all, not a jot even, I simply wanted to inform you." " You need not bother Rai Bahadur. Sleep soundly. I will set these scoundrels right in no time. "

So saying the Sub-Inspector slipped the letter in his pocket and went out. A weak passed and the mail bag of the Rai Bahadur brought another letter from the same source. It ran thus ;—

Inevitable Home.
18-7-30

Rai Bahadur.

You took our last letter very likely. You informed the police, but you should know that no force in the world can deter us from our purpose. To convince you of this, we write to in-form you that by the time this letter reaches your hand, your son will be in our custody. If it means anything to you, please place the money in the middle first class compartment of the 21 Up express and you will find your son in an unconscious state, though safe and sound, in the servants compartment of the middle first class of the 19 Up shuttle which arrives at your station only 15 minutes after that express.

Your well wishers,
Public Servants.

This news took the breath out of the Seth and he ran to convey this news to his wife who fainted on hearing it. When she came round, she began to implore her husband to acceed to the devils ' demand and bring back her son safe to her lap, but the Rai Bahadur was not such a coward as to listen to his wife's counsel and let go his money. He wanted to save both his son as well as his money. He wired to his son but the Principal replied saying that his son had left the hostel a few days ago without permission and that only the other day he had informed him (the Principal) that on account of an urgent call from his father he had to leave the hostel unexpectedly.

Rai Bahadur thought upon the plan and took out a bundle of crisp notes from a hidden treasure chest and counted 20 of them. These notes were forged one which the Rai Bahadur kept to defraud people and with these he bolted to the railway station in his car to reach there at the appointed time.

picking up the Sub-Inspector on his way. The 21 Up came and went away, the bundle of notes were kept in the indicated place and Seth Kishen Chand, with his face beaming waited for the arrival of his son by the next train but to his utter disappointment, he found the same curiously tinted envelope instead of his son, which contained "you have badly cheated us by sending forged notes and you shall be paid in your own coin. As our want is urgent, we shall be coming to you to-morrow and rob you of your wealth. Make whatever arrangement you can for your safety".

The Rai Bahadur, dejected and disappointed returned home, his head whirling like a top. When his wife came to know of this shocking news she fell upon her knees and begged of him to pay the paltry sum to save his son. But Seth Kishen Chand was made of sterner stuff and was obstinate too. He was bent upon teaching those scoundrels a good lesson.

Next morning he sent for the Sub-Inspector but he was out on duty. So his man delivered the message in the Thana and came back. After an hour four constables headed by an Assistant Sub-Inspector came to his residence and demanded admittance to the private chamber of Rai Bahadur and were cordially welcomed in.

After the usual greetings, Sethji said "I was just thinking of going to the Thana" but instantly the A. S. I. spoke out "Sir, we live here for you and we are ready to spill our blood for you." You need not worry." The Rai Bahadur felt flattered and said, "but where is the Darogha Saheb."

"He has gone to see the District Suprintendent in connection with your case".

"I am really very much grateful to him for the interest he is taking in my case".

The A. S. I. blurted out "he has to, Rai Bahadur, the District Superintendent was just now speaking to him that Rai Bahadur was his personal friend and that he must help him at all costs. He has warned the Sub-Inspector to take up the case whole heartedly and will be coming himself with a force this evening to fight the robbers. He has sent us here with a proposal to you".

Sethji was immensely pleased with this flattery. He forgot all about his terror and said "thanks, what has he been pleased to propose?"

He was saying that he would risk his own life for you. He further said that it would be safe for you to deposit the valuables with the Government. When the robbers come, give them the key of the empty safes, when they engaged in searching for the booty the police force which will be lying ambush around the house shall be able to capture them all. Please make a list of your valuables, keep them in a steel safe, lock and seal the safe. Keep the key and a copy of the list with you and your valuables will be safe in the custody of the Government. A list duly signed by the District Supdt. will be sent to you. Our lorries are waiting outside. When the robbers are captured we shall be able to trace out your son."

The Rai Bahadur heaved a sigh of relief and carried out the instructions to the letter feeling flattered at the unusual favour which the Supdt. of Police had shown to him. The lorry left his house securely guarded by the constable with loaded guns.

An hour later the Sub-Inspector came and before he could speak anything the Rai Bahadur burst forth into torrents of thanksgiving expressions saying "really, you have saved me from a serious calamity, but please tell me what the District Supdt. was speaking about me".

The Sub-Inspector looked surprised and said "Sir, what are you talking? I had not been to the district Su......" and Rai Bahadur sharply cut into his sentence

"Then I have been robbed! The 'public servants' have carried out their game!" "Why, what do you mean?" Queried the Sub-Inspector. Rai Bahadur related the events.

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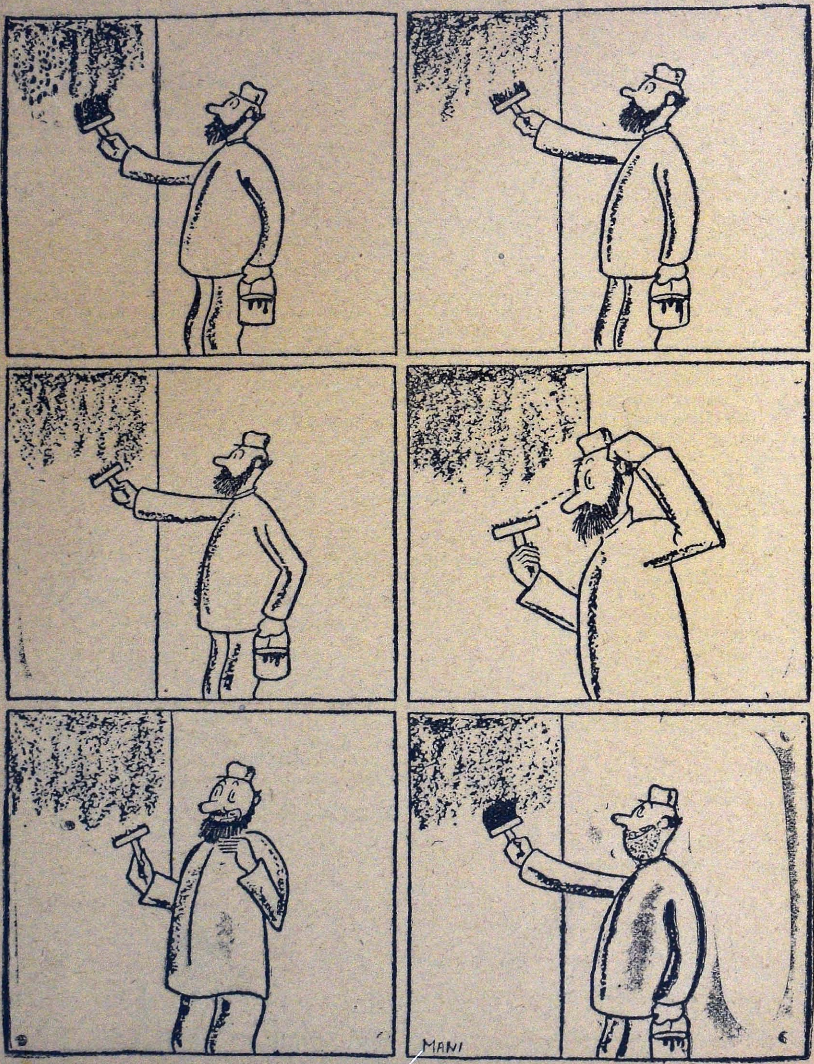


AN INDIAN TALE

By A. C. PETERS.

(1)

I of a man sing, from the 'land of fogs,'
Where people naked roamed in olden days,
And ate such funny things as bats and frogs,
For they of living had no decent ways.

(2)

But now they call themselves all-civilised,
Their vast empire extends from shore to shore,
Where right, not might, alone is recognised,
Where one can always be of justice sure.

(3)

This man had left his land, out in the West,
To come to Hind, and work among the brown
People of India, and to do his best
To enforce the Law on behalf of the Crown.

(4)

His two-pounds brain did carry all the law,
And all the lore his college could afford.
He justice meted out, without a flaw,
Like Solomon, upon a Judge's Board.

(5)

In spite of all he knew, there was a quest,
Which constantly perplexed his cultured mind,
Though to unravel it he tried his best,
A proper solution he could not find.

(6)

An Indian Barrister, was among his friends,
Who also in the West had learnt his Laws,
He thought it best to consult him because
He seemed to know the thing, its odds and ends.

(7)

The Learned Judge enquired, "How 'tis I find,
People of different skins, colours and shades,
Some fair, some yellow, and of darker grades,
Are found in this mysterious land of Hind?"

(8)

" Now take my land, where all the people are
Alike in skin, in texture, and in shade,
They are white, and you can search near and far,
You'll find the lot alike, all of one grade.

(9)

The witty Barrister was not undone,
Long years in Court had taught him what to say,
When such a prize at hand was to be won,
And keep his Country's fame from going astray.

(10)

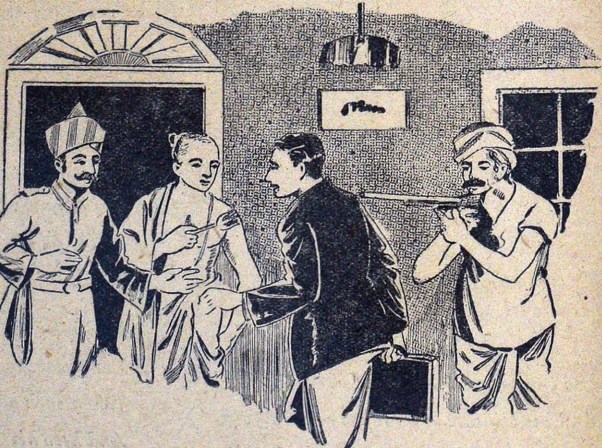
" The cause, he said, " My Lord, you may not like.
But horses have been differently made,
By God, in brown and black and spotted shade,
While GOD HAS MADE THE ASSES ALL ALIKE."

WELL PLANNED

By JIM.

RETURNIG from the Roxy to the Victoria Hostel, Ramu pressed Govindaram to spend the Easter holidays with him. Eminent men like Govindaram inevitably have to think a lot before accepting an invitation; and after much hesitation, Govindaram consented. It was Thusday night, and the old son of an ass, the dhobi had not yet turned up. Friday evening, after spending an useless day in searching for the dhobi's house, Govindaram dressed himself in his oft-used sand-coloured silk suit, and started for Ramu's house. As it was a rainy day, naturally in trying to dodge an old Ford, Govindaram had a close shave. He felt all right. But the inevitable three mud spots stood in bold relief against his shaggy silk pants.

THE boy who answered his knocks looked first at his face and then at the small suit case that he had in his hand. He cast his eyes occasionally on his dirty pants. After repeating this piece of unforgivable etiquette four or five times, he rushed in and banged the inside door on Govi's face. Govi followed him into the visitors room at his leisure. After a short time, there was some meddling with the front door and when Govi tried to open it, he found it locked. "Why, by the blazes have they locked the door? Do the fools take me for an imbecile escaped from the nearby lunatic asylum? Why has not Ramu shown himself up yet? Naturally the boy should usher in such important visitors as myself before Ramu's family. It is really becoming insufferable! Hang it all!......'



The sight that met him gave him an idea that he had to deal with Lunatics.

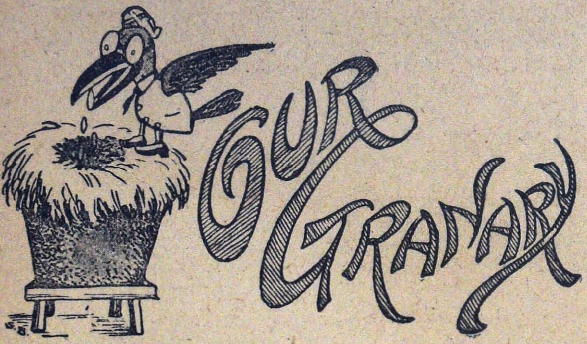
Govi began to bang the door. Three faces appeared behind the barred window. Yes, one was that of a burly headed gigantic cop. A minute or two later, there were furtive noises in the hall and suddenly the light coming through the key-hole was blocked.

On an impulse he went to the door and flung it open. The sight that met him gave him an idea that he had to deal with lunatics. An ancient gardener was covering him with an old Shot-gun, and the cook, with a big poker raised above his head, was standing on one side of the door. "Now......no violence," the guardian of law interfered. "Don't think you can escape, the gardener has got you covered. The gardener, to show his alertness, steadied his crooked back a bit.

"I have to arrest you for fleeing with Mr. Jeganadha Rao's insurance money and........"

Govindaram found it very difficult to control himself. "You ass, monkey, donkey, idiot, son of your mother-in-law ...." He didn't complete his

(Continued on page 26).



AMONG THE ESKIMOS.

Recently I read Mr. Bertram Barker's book "North of '53" and was very much impressed about life among the Eskimos. Mr Bertram lived amongst the Eskimos for four years and he tells all about his experiences in his book.

BLIZZARDS

Life hangs on slender threads in these latitudes. Two prospectors were one day caught in a blizzard, with nothing but a tent between them and death. They had no fuel but a whisky box. This they whittled into shavings and made a tiny fire on which they melted enough snow to make a cup of tea The whisky box lasted only one day.

When this was finished they shaved off the lower end of the tent poles. But the poles became so thin that they threatened to collapse......When they were at the point of despair the flap of the tent blew up! It was not an extra strong gust of wind. It was Matt Berry the pilot who had come to look for them.

TANNING WITH THE TEETH

Mr. Barker once spent the night in the igloo home of a Norwegian named Borgland who, had married an Eskimo woman and "gone native." Such alliances are rare.

When Mrs. Borgland smiled it was apparent that all her teeth were stumps which barely showed above the gum:—

A minute later I realised why this had happened, Glancing at her sister I saw that she was tanning a sealskin by the simple method of chewing it. This is the usual method employed by Eskimo women, with the result they wear their teeth away.

As a result of this practice "Eskimo women smell like a tannery and even the frailest man are immune from temptation."

THE SUCKLING SMOKER!

The next shock Mr. Barker had was when a bouncing boy of three or four

A Typical Eskimo

years of age, who had been playing about the hut with a ball made of an inflated bladder, asked for and was given his mothers breast:—

That was nothing to my amazement when I saw this stalwart lad finally push from the breast and swaggering across the room, pick up a pipe a from one corner and proceed to smoke with the ease and enjoyment of an old man.

GETTING RID OF THE AGED

Borgland pointed, though the ice window, to another igloo a couple of hundred yards away. It had no windows. The opening of the tunnel was blocked with snow nothing could live there. That igloo contained Mrs. Borgland's mother and father. In the North there is no room for drones in the hive. No one, recognised this more clearly than the old people themselves. After all they were only going to receive the same treatment which they in turn had meted out to their parents:—

So with an utter absence of rancour, sentiment, or fear they helped Borgland and his wife to build the igloo which was to be their home and their grave. When this was finished they said goodbye and, taking a small supply of food, took possession of their domain.

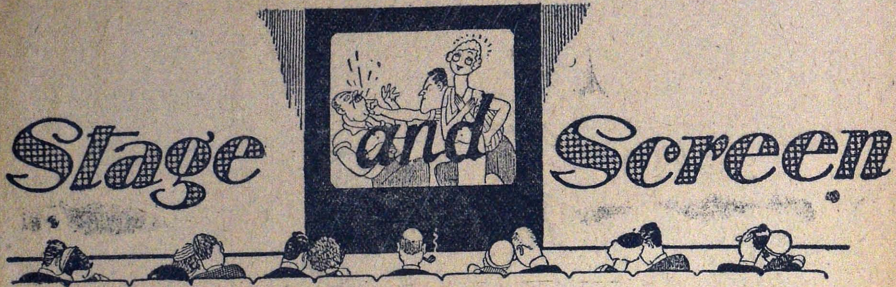
"And then?" (gasped Mr. Barker) "Then," said Mrs. Borgland placidly. "We blocked up the hole and poured water over it."

"But they will be frozen to death." She nodded her head in agreement, smiling her toothless smile. "They go to sleep" added Borgland. "They don't feel anything. It is quite pain less. You've no cause to worry.

THE DOG DERBY

A great animal event in Eskimo Land is the Dog Derby, a non-stop race run over a distance of two hundred miles.

Stage and Screen



Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette Macdonald in 'The Merry widow'

In the "Dog House."

The studios have a well known institution for dealing with their rebels. It is known as the "dog house." The title is derived from the fact that the star concerned is metaphorically treated like a dog.

Most of the big stars have been in the dog house at one time or another.

One way of being sent to these canine domicile is to be lent to another studio.

Herbert Marshall was punished in this way recently for turning down a part in a Paramount picture. He was "loaned" to M-G-M. for *Solitaire Man.*

Both Josef von Sternberg and Marlene Dietrich were

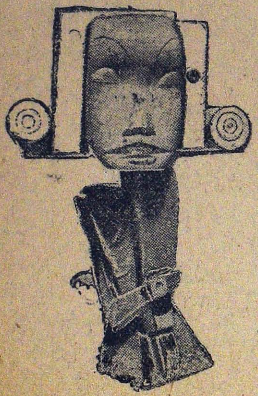
Myrna Loy

temporarily consigned to the dog house over the '*Blonde Venus*' rumpus.

In the case of executives the punishment often takes the form of giving a director of sophisticated comedy an assignment to direct a "western."

Another method is to let a star work in a picture but

send out no publicity about him and then assign him inferior billing.



Greta Garbo.

This was recently done by Warners in the case of Douglas Fairbanks junior when he came to England to work.

A Lubitsch Story.

An amusing story is going the rounds concerning Ernest Lubitsch who recently made his first air trip.

"I'm terribly worried," he confided to a friend soon after he stepped out of the machine. "I can't hear; the roar of the motors must have deafened me."

An hour went by. He grew panicky. "I'm finished" he moaned. "I'm stone deaf. Call a doctor."

A friend looked more closely at the Herr Lubitsch's ears. "I think" he said if you take the cotton wads out of your ears you might be all right."

Fans will be glad to hear that he was right.

Papa Intervenes.

Evelyn Venable's father, Professor Emerson Venable, is a parent who looks after his daughter most conscientiously. He is responsible for a clause in Evelyn's contract with Paramount, which provides that the 18 year old actress must not be kissed by any of the male members of any pictures in which she appears.

The Professor chanced to be on the set when Frederic March, as called for in the story, placed his arms around Evelyn. A long argument ensued before Professor Venable permitted the scene to be taken in this manner.

Maurice Chevalier

FILMS TO SEE

ROXY

Forsaking all others.

Featuring M. G. M.'s Great Trio, Joan Crawford, Clark Gable and Robert Montgomery. A laugh-packed comedy brilliantly acted. The story of the eternal triangle——a girl with two men in her life!

PARAGON

The Cat and The Fiddle.

M. G. M.'s greatest musical featuring Ramon Novarro and Jeanette Macdonald, who are ably supported by Charles Butterworth and Jean Hersholt. Delightful songs sung as only Jeanette can, is a special feature of the film.

A Bill of Divorcement.

I have never missed a Lionel Barrymore film, so far and am not likely to hereafter. Suffice it to say that this film which features Lionel and Katherine Hepburn is notable for some remarkably fine acting. This story is from Clemence Davi's famous play.

WELLINGTON

Scarlet Pimpernel

Screen Version of Baroness Orczy's world famous novel. Features Leslie Howard and Merle Oberon. A film which all screen-lovers should see.

Kentucky kernels.

Filmdoms inimitable comedy pair Wheeler and Wolsey in a screamingly, funny farce. A laugh—a—minute film.

Applications

BY A.C. PETERS

THE average man writes many more applications these days than he ever did before. The unfortunate graduate, who has received no special training, to qualify him for some special employment, and who has nothing but his University parchment Certificate, writes at least seven-hundred and fifty of these, before he lands a thirty-rupee job. The average clerk writes about fifty to sixty of these, per year, for various reasons, for leave, increase of pay, transfer, and everything else.

Here is a good speciman of an al-pee-kay-shun for a post, written by a young man, who has more optimism and enthusiasm, than English knowledge:

Sir,

Repairing to your steamed advisment in The Daily Harold of today's date, I beg to offer myself for the vacancing which has incurred under your kind kuntrol.

I am a young man, and are always keeping good health, rising eerly, and although not ketchhing the wurrum, but greeting the SON with open arms, and doing fiscal jerks, which keeping me very the fit for hard work, and daily grind. If you are so fortunate as to appointing me I do everything in the office, and keep things in proper order, and no complaints.

I have extra large oricular appendages, and can stick two pens, or pencils, either, or, alternatively, one thick blue pencil over each ear, and whenever you wanting the said pens, quills, pencils, holders and other implements, which are mightier than the sword, I at once producing them from behind my ears, and you not the have any trouble regarding such things, and as saying goes, 'mens senna en Corporal Senate, which your honour knows means,' men always passing out of the Senate Hall', and no wonder I not finding a job for fifteen chips even, not being a grajooet.

I never like other clerks. I dont sit idle on stool, chair, bench, or table, and shake my pedal extremeties, as if one of those outfitters keep working the maching, for sowing purposes, which woman no longer uses. I dont chew betel, smell snuff, sneeze, yawn, nod or cough and dont jerking the pen to exude the ink on carpet—which other species of my kind always doing, and as you know, Sir, the saying, 'Procastinate is the thief of time,' which means Procastinate is the biggest thief doing time, I never robbing paper, carbons, ribbons, or other office tools or spare parts, but can you search my pocket you will never the find nothing with me.

With my prayers for your long wife and prosterity, I beg to close, and hope you will soon reply, as my brother-in-law says he no longer supporting me, if I dont getting no job, so, there you are, Sir, as you know, 'QUO VADIS', or where will I go then, Sir. I have the hunnur, etc, etc."

* *

And here is another specimen from one of the old Victorian days type of clerks, who is applying for leave. Fortunately the majority of the Victorian days clerks and bosses are dead and gone. and if any are still surviving, their relatives are likely to order out a coffin-box any of these days, before the next financial year begins.

Sir,

My female-woman getting much trouble from bellyache in her abdomen. She not eating and drinking, but crying huge salty tears. I consult a doctor, and he says there is serious trouble coming, and I should invest hard cash, and purchase things like cradle, bibs, baby-soothers, perambulator, tom-tom, whistle, hoopla, ting-ting, diddle-doodle, pish-kish, and baloons, also crick-crack, and pom-pom, so I beg of you, kind sir, to let me go, and see her mother, and obtain hard-cash, and arrange for everything, and buy all the parafernalia. So because I am in urgent need, I hope your honour will grant me leave, as your goodself will also remember when your female-lady give births to two small miniature piccaninnies, and you having already bot one single-seater pram, not noing that the Stork will do double dealing with you. Now, be kind, Sir, from the bottom of your heart, and granting me the leave, as I am now "Dieu et mon driot", or sailing in the same boat as yourself, as the well-known saying means. I beg to remain, Sir, etc.

* *

And then we have a good specimen

of an application for increase, I, of course, dont advise you to use it, unless you do so at your own risk.
Great Honnur.

The great Goddess of Misfortune has come to sit down at my doorstep, with two of them very big hungry wolves, who are striking terror, thunder and heartrending, also nerve-quacking and breast beating in me. I dont know what to do, summon the fire Brigade or the Lokal Polisman. My wife not at all birth-controlling, but giving two babies the first-year, one each every year, after that, and now two again, and here I budgetting only on one, maximum two. So much poverty falling on me, and my mother-in-law also making her abode in my houz. I driving like mad, and not noing what to do. So kind, Sir, if you can do mo a favour, and increasing my pay, I shall be taking food to heart's content, and paying off my kreditors, whose looks send a cold sugar down my pine, and I feeling horrified, and sick also krushed and hopeless.

Formerly whereas I smoking gentlemen's cigarettes, like Gold-Flake, Three Castles, Sitate Sexpress, five, five, five and okayshunally when wife not remaining in houz, also Flor de Habana, and La Corona and sometimes only Corona, and now since off-spring born, and pay not go high, I smoke birds, and sometimes, half and even quarter, or five tenths, of an inch portions of butts, picked-up from highway side, and since because all gentlemen now smoking cork-tipped, so that too gone and now dropping into some bachelor-friend's houz, and requesting cigarettes and smoking. And formerly before whereas I eat scones, and teacakes sometimes Plum and seed-cake, and imbibe Bhimto, in mighty-grand Restaurant, and suck ice-cream from cups, or consume, or drink coffee, a la carte, now all gone and stopped, and doing nothing, so now I eat pakodas, and dahi-burras, and bhajjiyas, and your honour, even gram, and puffed-rice, and whats more, even green-peas, and yellow, dry and all hues, colours, and shapes. Such bad times have descending, and if the pay not go high, your honour will sure I'll commit suicide, and die afterwards. Hoping to be favoured with your honour, and praying for your good health and family".

* *

Now we have another Junior Clerk, who applies for a Loan, from the Employees Co-operative Credit Society.
Respectful Sir.

I very much sorry to inform you thot yesterday the Big Giant Pathan came with mighty stick, and gesticulating and using hot and fast vocabulary, which self find beyond comprehension, but surmising and drawing konklushion that said Pathan afraiding to do fiscal vylans, if hard cash with interest not forthcoming, on aocount of the various nominal sums obtained and taken as loans, which now automatically committing multiplication and increasing manifold.

I asking now, your honour, to have soft corner in your head and heart, and allowing me a loan of rupees three hundred and sebenty phibe, which I take and pay interest, and get rid of the paw and clauses of the said Pathan and be free from his untabulated and non-classified evaporations and vapourings, of a lower order, which no gentleman, of pedigree, especially a pure vegetarian can stick I always remaining, Sir, etc.

* *

This is another application from a Middle-failed, who finding all doors closed to him, writes an al-pee-kay-shun for a Watchman's job.
Your Grand Honour:

From the kolum of the 'Shackled Independence Daily, I coming to be learn that you wanting mighty watchman for gading the master's propaty and shop-promises at night. I, therefore, beg to submit my alpeekayshun for the said post. I also beg to declare that I never suffer from insomnia, but keep awake the whole nite, and when I doze off, which self not doing frequently and occasionally, I always snore like big Cunard Liner fog-horn, engine whistle, factory-buzz, and other noise-makers, like hoot-hoot, rat-tat, also ding-dong, and bhomp-bhomp, which always scaring away larceny and embezzlement committers, so they dont come and breaking locks, to get booty and other things like costly jewels, wads of promising notes, and currency coins, which actually not valuing more, But Newspaperwallahs always putting one zero more, and the Compositing gentlemen adding more zeros, making falsifications of cash, in other words, thieving matters, appear large and big.

Self also beg to laid down that hon'able applicant has plenty, various and diversified sexperience of giving tongue, answering back-chat, looking straight in the eye, asking for upliftment and going high of the salary, coming home late etc, with late bosses, mother-in-laws, better-halves, large and wide persons, and others of hotty and wicked temper, and self, therefore, not afraiding of highwaymen, gangsters, robbers, and other forgers, and false-pretending gentlemen, who coming at dead of night for inferious purposes, with intent to commit felooney. The Sangfriod of self simply wonderful, and come what may, bulldog, alsatian, greyhound, or terrier, self never retreating, but standing and facing such quadruped with kontemptous overtures, with as cool as cucumber, carrot, brinjal atatoe, folly-flower, and other such fungus and fauna, which Brahmin vegetoriangs eating.

I stand four feet and five inches above sea level, without shoes, which your honour how can I afford. My weighment is 105 lbs. avoidrupees, and self very light and very small, and can hide under the bed, on Latrine tank, in corner of chair, easy or non-easy, and thus not running of life danger, in case of highwaymen or looters coming when self quickly hide, and now waiting favour and appointment letter for the said-post.

• •

Another esteemed friend of ours, a student of seventh standard whose address cannot be disclosed except to authors and Editors, and that too on promise of stable, permanent, employment. He applies for an Ofis-boy's job. He could not continue his studies, owing to the untimely death of his guardian. Donations are welcome, send same to the writer. This boy writes:

HUZUR SIR,

Refence your notis in the piya-per today, I have great honour and pleasure to sakrifise self for said employment as hofis-boy, peon, dafftree, call-boy, and sundry, et ditto, cetera and so forth.

I having offishial experience, work as nice ofis-boy, and when female typist nipping into boss' office, self dont play bo-peep, peeping Tom, hide and seek, or putting optics against key-hole, crack, chink or other opening to look if Lady typist or other female of the species squatting on Boss' knees, chair-arm, table or desk, or if boss committing love-making and romantic style, or amorous department known as Courting. If ever by aksident, misfortune, or evil planetry pozishun, the big Spouse, the better-half, and Bosun of the Boss coming to offis, for inves-

tigating and divorcing purposes, self always keeping alert, and giving low whistle, hissing sound, nasal sneezing, shush-shush, cough-cough, and other Elementary or advanced sines of warning, and thus saving many previous bosses from domestical and Matrimoniac storm, tornado, earthquake, cyclone, and other unnaturral and female-created phenomena, and many previous bosses of self, including worthy Editor while giving diktashun and sweet words to female woman steno creating love scenes and writing billett-deoux, and stating verbally how Sun, Moon, and other planets loose brillians and shinning before said female steno, found that she, who must be obeyed, else bumps, scratches, nose-bleeding and shin-crackking, inruding and forcibly entering offis, although marked PRIVATE, but SELF, yes, this alpeekant, your sumble hervant, give vigorous coff-coff, and also sneeze, and putting boss wise, and boss immediately withdrawing arms asunder, and continue diktating serious Littury matter, and other great business dokuments, like cotton rates from America, the seedcost from Urgentine, and such like, also Hippopotammus from Honnolulu, and Unkuent from Uganda.

The honourable applicant also good sexperience in doing boss' private work, and knowing knack also trickery, cleverness, and false-pretences, for obtaining snuff, cigars, betelnut, and cigarettes on credit for Boss. Self having large circle of dealers in such goods, self also expert in fabrication, prevarication, and alibi statements, in other words falsehoods, and not disclosing at Boss' home where worthy Boss has gone, and which, where and when the wind is blowing, and swearing to all and sundry, how boss a good man.

And now I pray and request for alleged long life and prosperity and 'ealth and whappiness, and such like other good wishes, and which too long and tedious for mentioning paper. but which convey personally when goodself appointing me, and giving comfortable arm-chair for sedantry purposes also squatting, and okayshunally dozing and snoring near the swing-doors of your hofis, which self shall deem satisfactory, and now considering yourself fortunate in appointing me, ad infinitum, which means immediately.

I always remain, Sir, etc.

Now, have any of you, Shentlemen, got a vacancy for this hofis-boy? I am sure the Editor would like to have him as his hofis-boy.

(Boss Phoning to the News-paper office.)

"Please remove the advertisement of mine calling for a graduate steno-typist at 15 Rs. per mensem!"

POLYGAMY

THE idea that a man should confine his affections and attentions to one woman or that a woman should be "faithful" to only one man is by no means universal. Married relationship, as we know it to-day, is a comparatively late institution.

WHENEVER travellers have visited savage nations for the first time, they found in most cases the tribal organisation not based on marriage, but that the men and women of the tribe lived together in promiscuous relationship.

Herodotus tells us of a Scythian people who held their women as common property, "that they might all be brothers."

Suidas relates that the women of Attica were so promiscuous in their relations that no man knew his father.

An ancient Hindu work says that before the time of Savetaketu, women were unconfined and roamed at their pleasure.

Aristotle and other ancient writers reported similar conditions elsewhere; and such customs exist in many places to this day.

In many Polynesian islands promiscuous intercourse between the sexes prevailed until the natives were converted by the missionaries; or they prevail to this day where they have not been converted. In fact, the effort to limit a man to one woman has been one of the greatest obstacles to the influence of the missionaries in some of these islands.

In Hawaii brothers with their wives, and sisters with their husbands possessed each other in common.

In Burma monogamy is the rule, but husbands can rent or lease their wives to strangers for a stated period; this is not considered degrading to the woman.

Among the tribes of Mont Gambier, of Darling River, and of Queensland marriage within the clan is strictly forbidden and the male and female classes of each clan are regarded as brothers and sisters. But as every man is brother to all the sisters of his clan, he is husband to all the women of the other classes of his tribe. Marriage is not an individnal act, it is a social condition. Any man of one clan has the right to treat as his wife any woman belonging to another clan of his tribe.

Amongst the Esquimaux, the temporary loan of a wife is considered a mark of peculiar friendship. Among some of the North Californian Indians, also, lending wives is a frequent custom. The Esquimaux are monogamous, a man having but one wife; but husbands and relatives practically ignore any moral lapses on the part of the wives.

In parts of Alaska, among the Aleuts, the women go to meet incoming ships, and earn money by associating with sailors; this is considered by the husbands to be a perfectly proper and commendable way to contribute to the household maintenance.

It is related of the Lacedemonians who in a war (3209 b.c.) had sworn not to return to their native land until they had taken Messina: this took longer than they had anticipated, and at the end of ten years they were still at war. Their wives then sent them word to return home and beget children with their wives and the daughters who had meanwhile grown up. So the Lacedemonians sent a picked number of robust warriors to impregnate all the women at home; as many of these were young women or virgins, all the children born of this visit of the delegation were called *parthenios*, or virgin children.

Marriage was regarded chiefly in a civic light, as a means of producing citizens, and in Sparta it was ordered that old or infirm husbans should cede their young wives to stronger men, who could produce vigorous soldiers for the state.

In later days the Greeks frequently invited especially beautiful young men to cohabit with their wives and daughters so as to have the latter bear beautiful children; this was considered eminently proper and did not injure the reputations of the women to

any degree whatever.

During the French Revolution efforts were made to take the ownership of all women and girls from the king and from those to whom he had leased his rights in them, and to vest it in the state. The state was to lease the women to the men, for breeding purposes, and to be their maids.

The followers of Chitanya, a Hindu sect, are mostly in Bengal. The males and females frequently live as man and wife, while those of the sub-sects Sohaja, Spachta Dayaka, and Baul live together promiscuously.

Among many of the Redskin tribes if a man marries the eldest girl in a family he can claim in marriage all the others as they successively come to maturity. This right is widely recognised, and frequently acted upon. Hence a woman regards her sister's sons as her sons.

In certain of the South Sea Islands a woman becomes, as in Thibet, wife to all the brothers. In some of the remote dependencies of the French Pacific exists the following old and more unusual ceremony, now dying out :—

On the occasion of a marriage in high life a great compliment is paid to the bride. She is ceremoniously enjoyed by the nobles or principal chiefs. The husband is present all the time, to give her his moral support and to see that his bride is treated with due respect and honour.

Another custom in some islands is that when a husband goes to another place where dwell his wife's unmarried sisters, it is *de rigueur* that, out of respect to her, he takes them all temporarily to wife. If he dare to pass them over in favour of a woman outside of the family, such an insult to his wife constitutes good ground for divorce.

Writing of the women of Kafiristan Younghusband says that when a woman is discovered in an intrigue the neighbours rush to the scene with much laughter. A goat is sent for a peace-making feast between the gallant and the husband. The husband and wife both look very happy, and so does every one else, except the lover, who has to pay for the goat. If an unmarrried girl were found misconducting herself, she would probably be only scolded by her parents, and the matter would be hushed up.

Polygamy exists among Mohammadans to-day and it is said that the very meanest Mohammadans in Paradis will have seventy-two wives of the girls of Paradise, beside the wives he had in this world.

Among the Sonthals, one of the aboriginal Indian tribes, the marriages take place once a year. For six days all the candidates for matrimony live together; after which only are the separate couples regarded as having established their right to marry.

Carver mentions that while among the Naudovessies he observed that they paid uncommon respect to one of their women, and found that she was considered to be a person of high distinction, because on one occasion she invited forty of the prinipal warriors to her tent, provided them with a feast, and treated them in every respect as husbands. On enquiry he was informed that this was an old custom, but had fallen into abeyance, and scarcely once in an age any of the females are hardy enough to make the feast, notwithstanding a husband of the first rank awaits as a sure reward to the successful giver of it.

Speaking of the Greenland Esquimaux, Egede expressly states that those are respected the best and noblest tempered who without any pain or reluctancy, will lend their friends their wives.

In Ladakh the Yakanis enter into temporary marriage with Ladakhi Buddhist women Polyndry is common. The eldest brother's wife is the joint wife of his two younger brothers next to himself in age. These two brothers are called Faroukhs or minor husbands. If there are more than three brothers, the others become Magpas. It is not obligatory on a Ladakhi woman to become joint wife of a man and his two younger brothers. She sometimes enters into a periodical marriage contract with a man, and this man is called a Magpa.

It was essential of the model Platonic Republic that the monopoly of one woman by one man was forbidden.

The idolatrous Arbs used to make a mutual exchange of their wives without any other formality.

Diodorus Siculus mentions that in the Balearic Island, Mojorca, Minorca, and Ivica, the bride was for one night considered as the common property of all the guests present. Garailasso dela Vega records the existence of a similar custom among the Nantas, a Peruvian tribe; as also does Langsdorf, in Nukahiva; and we find similar ideas in parts of Madagascar and in the Philippines.

Mazdak lived in the reign of Khosry Kobad, king of Persia, and pretended himself to be a prophet sent from God to peach a community of women and possessions, since all men were brothers and descended from the same common parents. Kobad himself embraced the opinion of a Mazdak, to whom he gave leave, according to his new doctrine, to lie with the queen his wife.

It was the custom among the (Parthian) Tapyrians, that when a man had two or three children by one wife, he was obliged to leave her, so that she might marry some one else. There is some reason to suppose that a similar custom once prevailed among the Romans; thus Cato, who was proverbially austere in his morals, did not think it right permanently to retain his wife Martia, whom his friend Hortensius wished to marry. This he accordingly permitted, and Martia lived with Hortensius until his death when she returned to her first husband. The high character of Cato is sufficient proof that he would not have permitted this, if he had regarded it as wrong; and Plutarch expressly states that the custom of lending wives existed among the Romans. Akin to this feeling is that which induces so many savage tribes to provide their guests with temporary wives. To omit this would be regarded as quite inhospitable. For instance the Esquimaux, North and South American Indians, Polynessians, Australians, Berbers, Eastern and Western Negroes. Arabs, Abyssinians, Kaffirs, Mongols, Tatski etc

Plato advocated a community of wives. He considered monogamy to be a reprehensible claim to the exclusive possession on the part of one mon to what ought to be for the benefit and enjoyment of the community.

The "Perfectionists," a communistic sect of Oneida, N. Y. hove put in practice a community of wives.

The Hopis, a Pueblo tribe, are monogamists. Sexual licence is, however, often permitted to a woman before marriage. This in no way detracts from her good repute.

The Arya Samaj is a reforming society in India, among their doctrines is a practice called Niyoga, or the temporary union of a man and woman for the procreation of children when marriage has failed to produce them, or during the enforced absence of the husband.

According to Ulloa, the Brazilians do not approve of chastity in an unmarried woman, regarding it as a proof that she can have nothing attractive about her. The inhabitants of the Ladrones, and of the Andaman Islands, come to the same conclusion; in the

latter case, however, for a different reason, regarding it as a proof of selfishness and pride.

Marriages in Ceylon were provisional for the first fortnight, at the expiration of which period they were either annulled or confirmed.

In Nubia among the Hassiniyeh Arabs, married women have free disposal of themselves on every fourth day.

Polygamy is the recognised relationship of the sexes among more than two-thirds of the inhabitants of the earth, and is practised in some form or other by all nations on the globe. A strictly monogamic people does not exist, and strict monogamy in the individual man is as uncommon as strict celibacy.

The princesses of Loango are free to choose and divorce their husbands at pleasure, and to cohabit at the same time with other men. In Western Africa the women of the reigning families might have as many lovers as they wished, but were forbidden to degrade themselves by marriage.

Among the Hassanyeh Arabs of the White Nile the wife passes by contract for only a portion of her time under the authority of her husband. The price depends on how many days in the week the marriage tie is to be strictly observed. During the remaining days the wife is perfectly free to act as she may think proper.

In Thibet when men are too poor to be able to buy a woman for individual possession, several club together and buy a wife in common.

The Todas, of India, are a tribe in which a woman marries all the brothers of a family, it is also allowed sometimes for the wife to be mistress to another man besides her husbands. In the Toda language there is no word for adultery. It would even seem that immorality ataches rather to him who grudges his wife to another man.

Fournier, a French socialist, proposed to reorganize society; he believed that the institution of marriage imposes unnatural restraints on human nature. He proposed that those who desired to cohabit should take out licenses, good for a certain limited time, which would permit them to do so.

Such a system, under religious sanction, actually exists in modern Persia, where temporary marriages for a few hours or for a few days only, can be arranged by the priest.

Many more examples might be quoted, but enough have been given to show that "faithfulness," as we understand it, between one man and one woman has never really been regarded as normal. The idea that a man should only love, or be attracted by, one woman is simply the outcome of existing social conditions. Religious laws usually conform to the civil laws of the day, and what is lawful at one period becomes unlawful at another.

No religious or civil laws can prevent a human being of one sex from being attracted by a human being of the other sex. Although certain people may discipline themselves to such an extent that they are faithful in deed, if not in thought, to a single individual of the opposite sex, it cannot be said that they are natural. If they gave way to their natural inclinations practically every man and every woman would be "unfaithful".

Through all the ages and in all countries men have found it impossible to be satisfied with one woman, and woman have not been content with a single man.

To say that because a man loves one woman he must not love or like another is about as sensible as to say that if he likes pears he must not like apples. People do not love or like to order.

There is a great deal of humbug about married life in England. The French are a little more honest, in France a wife expects her husband to have at least one mistress.

No woman expects to marry a man who has had no affairs with other women, and no man wants to marry a woman who would appear unattractive in the eyes of other men.

The idea that a wife is the husband's property and, as such, to be jealously guarded, is almost dead. In these days wives have as much freedom as their husbands, and it is no longer a terrible thing for a married woman to have men friends.

On the whole husbands are more tolerant than wives. Women are inclined to be jealous and though they may be fully aware of the unfaithfulness of their husbands, they are not willing to admit it. So long as the husband is content to conduct his love affairs discreetly all is well. The wife acts on the principle that what the hand doesn't see the heart doesn't grieve after. Nevertheless there are plenty of exceptions to this general rule and there are numerous wives who either ignore or actively assist their husbands, amours.

There are men and women who are shocked at the idea of husbands and wives agreeing to be unfaithful, and yet these same men and women will lie to each other and deceive each

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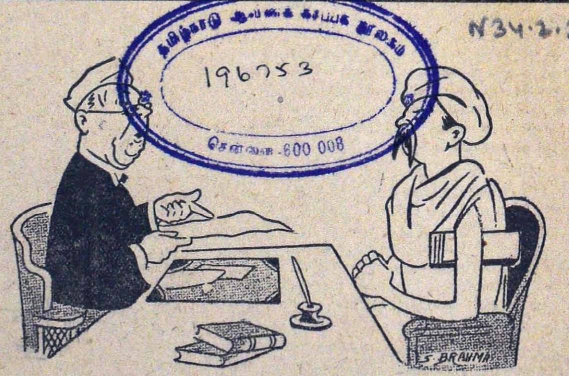

Lawyer: "So these are the exact facts ?"
Client: "Yes, and it's up to you to twist 'em !"

other in order that they may carry on their intrigues without being discovered. To them the unfaithfulness is no sin so long as you are not found out. To be discovered or to admit it is unpardonable.

The sporty husband, that is the man who likes other men to enjoy his wife, is not callous. He is simply honest and unselfish and takes a genuine pride in his wife. He is pleased at the attentions she receives from other men and delights in seeing how attractive she is. He basks in a sort of reflected glory, for did not he win this woman who is so desirable in the eyes of other men? He pats himself on the back and is satisfied because he knows that other men approve of his choice. Possibly he derives a little pleasure in the thought that other man envy him the possession of so charming and attractive a woman.

We have noted that it is the custom among certain tribes for men to lend their wives to their friends. It may come as a surprise to many to hear that this is by no means an uncommon custom the whole world over though it is not generally recognised nor is it described in such bald terms. A tacit acquiesence would be a better description though it amounts to the same thing. Who of us has not met the man who goes out of the way in order that some friend of his wife, and perhaps his own friend also, may be free to enjoy his wife? Even though the subject is never mentioned between the men concerned, it is wife lending pure and simple.

In the same way, it is by no means an unknown thing for men to exchange wives and wives to exchange husbands. Again the transaction is made by a tacit understanding and seldom by verbal agreement.

Human nature has not changed with the ages, nor have either civil or religious laws been able to alter it. Education and civilisation may change us outwardly, but when we get down to the primitive feelings of the spirit or body there is very little, if any, difference between civilized and uncivilized peoples.

There have been sporty wives and sporty husbands from times immemorial, and there will be more as long as the world lasts. Whether they are right or wrong must be a matter of opinion. Who are we to sit in judgment?

(Continued from page 16)

much selected vocabulary. There was rustling, a clinking of jewels, and Seetha, Ramu's sister, a student of Q. M. C. came in through the opposite door.

"Oh! Mr. Govindaram Rao, excuse me. Ramu told me that you'll be coming. I simply forgot. Had been out shopping."

'Don't trouble yourself. It seems the servants knew of my coming. volunteered Govi with a genial smile.

"Why, Mr. Cop seems to be in a hurry to be off?'

"'Xcuse me Madam, but the old gardener told me that the insurance agent who fled with the master's money, had returned for more."

'It's the boy who told me,' interfered the gardener.

But there was no sign of the boy " clear out you old fools. It is your Hitler moustache and silk suit that made them doubt your personality." (Exit cop and servants).

"Now darling Govi, kiss me. Don't be a perfect ass. You know I am a queen Marian."

Need it be told that Govi did not hesitate a fraction of a second to take the proffered invitation!

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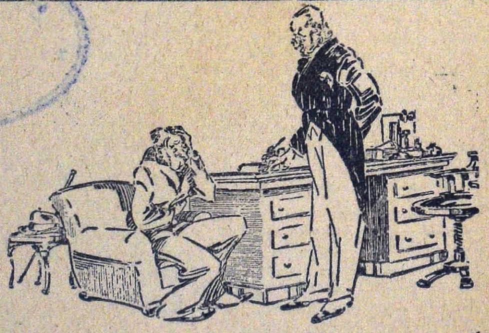

Patient : *" My head's like a lump of lead, my chest feels as though its held in a vice, my inside is as though torn by pincers. I've got pins and needlos in my legs and my neck's as stiff as as a poker.*

Doctor : *" H'm ! Mettallic poisoning."*

The Early Bird Gets the Worm

BY J. H. ACOTT.

"HENRY," said my wife to me one day just before Christmas, "There's a splendid picture showing at the Capitol this evening."

"What is it?" I asked. "Wives and How to Destroy Them?"

Emilia glared at me. I have described her and her ways so often that I will not go further this time than saying that she should have been born somewhere near the River Amazon. And as for me, well, you all know me quite well. I'm the startling double of the worm each of you dug out of your cabbage patches this morning.

There you have both of us in an egg shell.

Of course, as soon as Emilia glared, I started to crawl about, very much like one of those worms I have mentioned.

"Sorry, sweetheart," I mumbled, and the glare turned into a mere fixed look.

"Phooh!" said Emilia. "No, it's a picture starring Eddie Cantor. He's really very funny, and to-night's the last night."

"It's about time you laughed, you miserable coffin," I whipered under my breath.

"WHAT did you say?" asked my wife, a truculent sparkle in her eyes.

"You shroud!" I whispered, and then aloud, "Nothing. I was just sucking at that hollow tooth of mine."

"Ah!" she said, "You should try sucking at that hollow brain of yours.".

I preserved a sensible silence. At length.

"Well, what show are you going to? I asked. "The first?"

"No. The first show always gives me a headache."

"Well," I bleated plaintively. "The second always makes me feel dreadfully tired in the morning, and you know the doctor said I must not keep late hours due to the awful strain on my weak heart."

"Then that's settled," said my wife. "We'll go to the second show."

Didn't I tell you that she was abnormal?

However, as I felt in need of a good laugh myself, I agreed to go to the second show, weak heart or no weak heart.

"We must leave at least half-an-hour before hand," said Emilia. "So that we can get there in plenty of time. We'll have dinner when we return."

"Yes, dear," I said meekly. "Fine!"

And so we called forth at nine o'clock to see this splendid picture. On the way we passed a General Merchants shop

"Oh, Heavens!" said Emilia. "I've forgotten that tin of sausages we were going to have for dinner!"

"Phew-tut-ut-tut!" I said. "We'd better get it now, hadn't we?" I did not like the prospect of a cavernously empty stomach on top of a late night.

We entered the General Merchants shop and walked to the counter.

"Oh, if it isn't Mrs. Doughnut!" gushed Emilia to a fat woman with a "Bare-Back" dress who was buying cheese.

The fat woman gushed in return.

"*Mrs.* Smith! How nice to see you after all these days! When was the last time I saw you?"

"Yesterday," said Emilia, leaning on the counter. The man behind the counter, wise in the ways ot women, sat down and began to read a novel.

"Such a *dreadfully* long time ago!" said Mrs, Doughnut. "Good evening, Mr. Smith, and now, Mrs. Smith, I wonder if you've heard about Mr. Holeylungs?"

My wife stuck her head forward eagerly.

"No," she breathed. "What about her? Has she been carrying on again with another man and driving Mr. Holey lungs——poor man——to suicide?"

Mrs. Doughnut absently popped a lump of cheese into her mouth.

"No, my dear, not *quite* as bad as that. She's just had triplets and Mr. Holeylungs swears......"

"Good God!" said my wife, puting that easily adopted shocked note into her voice, "*never*——really? What an awful thing to happen! What a *terrible* blow to the poor husband! And *imagine* the shame to the poor, *poor* children when they grow up!"

"He swears," went on Mrs. Doughnut, obviously put out at being interrupted, "that the three of them must weigh at least thirteen pounds each!"

My wife seemed to be punctured.

"I thought......" she said.

"I don't blame you," said Mrs. Doughnut. "Where a woman like that is concerned, anything may happen! I know what you thought.'

"Well, I'm rather disappointed in Mrs. Holeylungs," said my wife in a baffled sort of way.

"But what," continued Mrs. Holeylungs, consuming another lump of cheese, "do you think of that Harris woman?"

"Not much," said Emilia.

"I heard at the local shoemaker's that she squeezes size two's on a size four foot!"

"Vain—woman, vain cat!" said Emilia. "By the way, I hope you'll pardon my rudeness, but what size do you take? I want to give you a nice pair for Christmas."

"Oh, how *kind* of you!" blurted Mrs. Doughnut. "My foot's a size five, but I take a three."

"Good," said my wife. "I'll get you size six."

"What? asked Mrs. Doughnut.

"I said you had a *beautiful* small foot," returned Emilia. I wondered when and to whom she would bite Mrs. Doughnut's back. Apparently impatient at doing all the listening, Emilia now had a shot.

"I heard at the butcher's to-day that Mrs. Longear has been divorced from her seventh husband!"

"Good Lord!" said Mrs. Doughnut. "She'll end up badly, there's no doubt about that! By the way, you haven't met my eighth husband, have you?"

"No," gushed Emilia. "Where is he?".

"At home, looking after the children."

I sympathised silently with poor old Doughnut.

"Henry," Emilia noticed me for the first time. "We must pay a visit to the Doughnuts to-morrow."

"Yes, dear," I said, feeling sure that when I looked at poor old Doughnut it would be like looking into a mirror.

"One tin of Wall's sausages, please," Emilia said to the man behind the counter. He continued to read his novel.

"And have you heard," went on Emilia, "about that Mrs. Bluenose's new dresses? I believe that each of the disgusting things is but a poor parody of a boot-lace!"

"Go *on!*" said Mrs. Doughnut. "awful!"

I took a sly look at her spine, and noticed that there was a large hairy mole on about the fifth vertebra.

At length we oozed along to the Capitol.

"I'm sure we'll enjoy it," said Emilia.

"Yes, dear," I said as I bought the tickets from a smiling and very genial looking man at the ticket window. And then,

"Stand still!" I hissed, asserting myself for once in my life. "They're playing 'God Save The King'!"

"You *would* hang about talking to people!" snarled my wife.

S. J. CHENDRAN ESQ., Fort, Kurnool, writes: Please accept my heart-felt thanks for your letter of the 10th inst. and 2 M. Os. One for Rs. 22—13—0 being my share in First Prize and another for Rs. 25 for largest entries, under your Fill-In No. 2. I never dreamt I would know the results so soon, etc. etc. (15—3—35).

WIN Rs. 500 GUARANTEED FOR 4 WORDS!

1st Prize Rs. 300. 2nd Prize Rs. 150. Rs. 20 for first four correct solutions posted, Rs. 20 & 10 for largest entries.

MINIMUM Rs. 35 GUARANTEED FOR EACH CORRECT SOLUTION!

Do Not Miss This Puzzle with Few Alternatives.

Fill In No. 8. **Last date of posting 10—6—35.**

Words.	Meanings.	Words.	Meanings.
G — Y	Lively.	STR — — —	Hit.
SN — B	Check.	CONT — — —	Debate.

FEE: As. 8 for first entry & As. 6 for each subsequent entry by M. O.

GENERAL RULES: Ref. Chambers XX Cent. Dictionary. Bracketted words are not used. Any number of entries can be sent. Plain paper entries with M. O. receipts are accepted. Details must be noted on back of cover. Results will be published in June 20th issue & Prizes remitted on 20—6—35. Key Solution is lodged with Editor of this Magazin. Send addressed and ½anna. stamped cover for detailed results. Manager's decision shall be final and legally binding and is an express condition of entry. Other rules as usual. Add a letter for each dash & make the word.

Key for Fill In No. 4. CAR; SHEW; DAKOIT; PEAR; BATS: SWARE.

8 following Win Rs. 28—2—0 each for sending correct solutions: Miss Lalita Devi, Bangalore. K. N. Phelkar, Bombay. W. S. Walwadekar, Bulandshar. S. Azizul Huq, Sailkot. N. T. Ratnam, Madura. Miss Khin Khin, East Burma. D. Balbir Singh, Indore. S. Sherabha Reddy, Nellore.

53. One error winners share 2nd. Prize of Rs. 125,

First five share Rs. 25 for sending correct solutions early and first two get Rs. 15 & 10 for largest entries. Detailed list posted & prizes remitted on 6—5—35.

Await our next attractive offer.

Manager, LUCKY RIDDLE OFFICE, Secunderabad, (DECCAN).

My Friends Week End

BY C. V. V.

MUTHUSWAMY hummed a lively tune as he drove his little two-seater. For today being Saturday and tomorrow Sunday with full holiday, Muthu determined to sojourn with his friend Sankar who was residing at Kakacheri a model village situated at a distance of 15 miles from Madras. He pressed down his accelerater and changed his humming to a shrill whistle.

The whistle terminated suddenly in a startled gasp. Muthu jammed on his brakes; there was a protesting shriek from the tortured tyres, and a loud explosion bore witness that one of the front tyres had succumbed to the rough treatment. The pariah dog and the village pig that had shot out from the hedge almost directly under the wheels scampered away unhurt and uncaring.

MR. Muthu climbed out and inspected the damage with growing disgust. It was a clean blow-out, and the distance to the nearest village a good seven miles. Worse still, he had no spare tyre with him. There seemed nothing for it but to hobble along for seven miles, and hope to do the needful.

After a very uncomfortable three-quarters hour, he bumped his way into a village nearby and interviewed the one and only petrol-bunkproprietor.

"I m sorry, Sir," said, he but I haven't your size of tyre in stock."

"Then how am I to get to Kakacheri to-night asked Muthu.

"Tell you what," said the garageman, after due reflection. "You can take this jutka here. I can do without her for a week. When your bring her back, I will have your car all repaired for you."

"Thanks very' much," he said. "And have you a 'phone I can use? I must ring up to Mr. Sankar who is put up at Kakacheri.

This accomplished, he left in the clutches of his new vehicle and rattled

........stood blinking at the torch's rays.

Muthu, thanked him and inspected the Jutka and its old mule. It was about as old as a car could be without coming into the antique class. He rather doubted its ability to carry him as far as Kakacheri.

away at a good 5 miles per hour, thankful that only a few odd miles separated him from Kakacheri.

This is no great distance in these days of fast travel, and any jutka worthy of the name can cover it with

an hour with ease. Muthu's old relic covered it with difficulty in double that time. Five times, did Muthu have to get out on the way, and by the light of an "Ever-Ready", coax the tired fleshy machinery to function for yet another few furlongs.

It was past 11 O'clock in the night when he arrived at Kakacheri and the whole village was asleep. At last he found the village headman in a state of semi-wakefulness and was directed to Mr. Sankaran's villa.

It was a fair-sized building, set well back from the Road, and it was in total darkness.

Bringing his electric torch in to play, Muthu found the door and gave few taps. The silence and darkness remained unbroken. Evidently his friend would have given him up and gone to bed.

For a full minute Mr. Muthu fumed. then, without any real hope, flashed his light in the adjoining window. The next moment he nearly dropped his torch from sheer surprise. For the second window from the door was open a good six inches at the bottom.

Muthu went to it and flashed his light round the room. The sight was re-assuring. It was a hall complete with chairs, sofas and an easy chair with a few magazines and papers strewn on a table. A veritable paradise for a tired-out man. Grinning for the first time he went and closed one window and made for the easy-chair.

It felt beautifully soft. He lay down with a sigh of thankfulness and composed himself for a dreamless night, He closed his eyes, took a deep breath, then opened his eyes again and sat up with a jerk. Some uncanny sixth sense had whispered that he was not the only occupant of the room.

Mr. Muthu held his breath and listened intently, while his eyes strove to pierce the darkness. All he heard was the wild beating of his heart, and he could see nothing but the dark outlines of furniture. Then his gaze fastened on a screen by the far away wall, as he stared at it, he could feel his scalp beginning to tingle. For the screen was slowly but surely edging towards the door!

Muthu would have rubbed his eyes had he not been afflicted with sudden paralysis. Screens that moved of their own accord at one O'clock in the morning, was some thing strange in experiences.

For perhaps ten seconds he sat and gaped, then he pressed his lips together and quietly rose from the easy chair torch in readiness, he crept towards the perambulating screen.

Making a sudden dive, he wrenched the screen aside and flashed on his torch. Then he got the shock of his life. A very pretty and frightened girl stood blinking at the torch's rays, Instantly Muthu was all contrition.

"I am awfully sorry I startled you. Please don't be frightened. I won't hurt you."

Some of the terror left her eyes and a spark of curiosity took its place.

"Oh!" she gasped "I made sure you were a burglar. Aren't you?"

"Not exactly" smiled Muthu." As a matter of fact I thought you were one."

"I suppose you are wondering how I came to be behind the screen" she said "I will tell you. I couldn't sleep, so I came down to get a magazine I left here. Just I opened the door. I saw you entering the room. I had no time to think. I jumped behind the screen and prayed you hadn't seen me. When I saw that you only wanted to get sleep I tried to sneak out again, but your ears were too sharp for me."

"I see," said Muthu, "And I feel a brute for having frightened you. I should have known better than to slink in like that. You see, it was this way."

And he began to tell her of his misadventure on the way down. When he nearly had come to an end, when the girl suddenly clutched his arm and breathed a peremptory "Sh!"

Muthu stopped talking and listened. He heard the creak of a chair just outside the door. Then the door was flung open and hall was flooded with light. A big man stood in the door way, an ugly automatic pistol in his hand and a purposeful look in his stern eyes.

"So, I have caught you red-handed, have I?" He said nastily, addressing to Muthu. "Next time you try this sort of game, my lad, I'd advise you not to talk so loud."

"You are making a mistake." Muthu said coldly. My name is Muthuswamy. If you are Mr. Sankar, my friend you will remember that I rang you up. I couldn't make anybody hear though I tapped the door many times, so I got through."

Mr. Sankar——for this was he——pocketed his pistol and tried to look apologetic.

"I am very sorry, Muthu he said sorrowfully" "I didn't think you would turn up after mid-night, or else I'd have waited up for you.

"I had a break-down" explained Muthu.

"I see, Muthu But"——Sankar shot a puzzled glance at the girl—— "You didn't say there'd be a girl with you."

Muthu was startled. Was his friend short-sighted, that he could not recognise his own daughter? He was about to point out his mistake to him when he felt a little tug at his skirt. Looking round, he read an unmistakable appeal in the girl's eyes. She was begging him not to give her away!

Muthu put in some quick thinking. Very obviously she was not staying in house. She must have come through one of the open windows, but he felt certain that she must have had a very good reason for doing so. A girl with such wonderful eyes and lovely face, he told himself, could do no wrong.

"You must have misundrestood me," said he to his friend. I told you through the 'phone that I am coming down for the week-end with my dear wife."

"I see, Muthu," murmured Sankaran. "The line *was* rather bad, now. I come to think of it Please follow me. There is a room. vacant, you can take rest. We will talk leisurely in the morning." Following my friend to the room.

Muthu was thrilled to feel the sudden clasp of a soft hand in the dark. He just caught the girl's whisper;

"You have been a brick; Some day you will understand."

Examiners—as a Student Sees Them

By C. S. RAMAN.

INSCRUTABLE are the ways of God: but still more inscrutable are the ways of our University Assistant Examiners. I don't mean offending them by my words: they are as human as we are. But they are strange beings to most of us. Students of colleges and universities look up to them as if they are the Gods in as much as success or failure in examination depends on them. They will tell you if they are pleased, that "A" is very sympathetic when he values examination papers. He knows how to give marks. He does not like to value answer books as some humdrum old hags of the universities do, page after page. He values the papers as a whole. He is the right type of examiner." With regard to some others whom the student world dislikes, they will tell you in such a manner as to make you feel a sort of hatred towards those examiners. You will come to think of them as men made of dream stuff with no sympathy, imagination and foresight. "You know Mr. X. He has been on the examination board ever since I was born. Not a year goes without certain examination papers being valued by his venerable hand. He is the very hell on earth. We don't like him. He is invariably less sympathetic: has a strong prejudice: thinks that students are hopeless creatures and plays with them as if he would with toys. He is very stingy in giving marks. If only we had power, we would dethrone him from his university pedestal."

BUT let me tell you, dear reader, something about the valuation of papers in general. I have studied some of the examiners while they were actually at work. In this connection, it is but meet to say that some students compare the examiners to butchers, slaughterers and assassins, about whom the law does not take any cognisance. Perhaps because the examiners as a class, are a unique set of fellows valuing the papers as they like and eating luxurious dishes and deserts at the expense of candidates who sit for the various examinations — Do not the examiners receive a good sum of money for the valuation of papers? Do they not also get second-class allowance? They might—some of them—travel third but still claim for second-class T. A.

Apart from the digression, as I told you earlier, examiners as a class should not be treated with contempt and vituperation. Most of them are as humane and genuinely sympathetic as the Viceroy of India. Have you not heard of the proverbial sympathy felt by the Viceroy and transmitted through the private secretary, that His Excellency greatly regrets the loss of Mr. so and so? And that too when he is said to share the loss as a personal one? Dear Reader, you should sympathise with the examiners' lot. They have to value more than three hundred to four hundred papers within a prescribed time. It is but natural their work and their estimate of students' abilities may be slipshod, partial and hopelessly out of tune with the realities Examiners do live in a world of their own. Some of them do believe that they are (*Yama*) *Dharma Rajahs* presiding over the destinies of the student population, as "the President of the Immortals" in Thomas Hardy's novel, 'Tess of the Dubervilles' did with Tess. Still examiners are required to look askance, just to note where they are, in the real world or in the world of their own hallucination.

I need not tell you in detail as to the feelings which examiners obviously exhibit, when they take up papers one after another for valuation. The valuation of papers is conditioned by environment and moods. If the surroundings are congenial, your paper might get a first class; or almost all the answer papers might get pass marks and distinctions. Supposing the wives of examiners have been at loggerheads with their dear husbands, what will happen to the answer papers? My Lord, it is better imagined than told! Pleasant surroundings and better domestic conditions, especially the conjugal relationship between the husbands and wives, should be the conditions that the University should insist as qualifications for a place of Assistant Examiner.

Well, let me tell you now, how papers are valued. I shall for convenience's sake divide examiners into two classes: one that does things as light as a lark and the other conscientiously bearing in mind invariably to do justice "as it would be done unto you"

One examinar, K, for example, would take the bundles of papers from the parcel and spread them on his table. He would ask his cultured wife to pick up a few papers, the handwritting of which is neat and clean. Mrs. K. would take a few of them and begin reading the first page, when the husband in a loving tone would tell her, "My darling, what do you think of the style in the candidate's paper?"

"Superb. Never have I come across such a beautiful and clear as crystal handwriting as this," she would say!

No more glance of that paper. The husband viewed the answer from the point of style while the sweet darling of his, viewed it from a different angle! Angles there are; that is

enough! The paper gets a second class: so also, the rest of the papers.

Another examiner, whose name is P, would value the answer books by the side of a gramophone. If there was no gramphone available. he would sing ragame, keerthanams, themmangus, Hindustanis and what not? He does value but the inspiration for valuation should emanate through music. So music plays a great role in the valuation of answer papers. I don't know as to how it is possible for the examiner to concentrate his attention both on the answers and music. Perhaps it is possible.

Another happy set of examiners needs an impetus for valuation of papers in conversation. A few friends of theirs should be present, when the examiners would value the answer books: they would hotly dispute, while going over the papers, whether the Margazhi murder Case judgment was right or wrong from the point of view of the man in the street. I do not know what the view of the man in the street is. No man lives in the street except poor beggars, who do reside near the high roads.

Yet another set of examiners there are and they require our attention. They are lazy, indolent men, who sleep most during the daytime also. The summer sun aggravates their mental states to such a pitch that they do not know what to do with the papers and the holidays; they are at their wit's end, if at all they have wits. Still, they solve the truculent problem in a complacent manner. They do sleep well. But as the last day on which the marks are to be despatched to the head office threatens, they would gather up the answer papers and without reading, allot marks, saying that each paper had been valued as a whole. It is indeed lucky to those chaps, who had done badly at the examination. But what about those candidates, who wrote their papers well aiming distinction?

One more type about whom I should like to speak briefly. There are certain examiners, who do not have eyes to read the answer papers. They would ask their parents or friends to read the bo.ks for them. They would then assign marks. Some of them put marks acting on the recommendations of friends and favourites.

Now to the second class of examiners. Are they not queer human beings to most of us? They think that they have been placed in a position of power to value answer papers with care and caution. I have seen a few of them valuing the papers in the parlour of their homes. They would take some eight papers; glance the first page where the No. of the candidate is found. Then with a satisfaction, for what, we don't know, Mr. S. would read question after question, line by line, not even omitting a word. Why should he correct the paper with a blue pencil? The paper of coure does not reach back the candidate Why then, on earth, this examiner should mark with his pencil blue? Is he crazy? Perhaps, he does not distinguish between valuation and correction! Mr. S. would deduct marks for spelling mistakes, bad handwriting and for omisison of acts. His working would be characteristic of his petty mind. He does not give encouraging marks. That is why Mr S. is held in contempt and redicule by the student world.

Do you know Mr. W? He is very quixotic. Once I remember to have heard him saying to his B A. class "This author seems to be more foolish than myself!" He is invariably nasty-hasty in slaughtering. He would take an answer book: look at the writing. "Bosh! This fellow is mad! He writes a bad hand. His writing is like pigs' running about on paper!" he would exclaim and then without looking further, he would award fail marks to the paper. My Lord, I don't know why papers are sent to such eccentric idiots!

Dear Reader, do you remember Mr. H? People would say he is an erudite scholar. He is very impartial. May be. But what about his valuation? He would place on his table a big dictionary! At times the spelling mistakes of candidates would puzzle him. He is at a loss to know whether there should be 's' in practice when used as a verb or 'c' when used as a noun. He would refer to the dictionary; and would proceed to value.

I may tell you more about these Examiners. But the Editor would not allow more pages than those that have been assigned to this article.

Ere I conclude, I have to ask my examiner-friends to forgive me, I haven't wantonly criticised them. I simply pointed out the vagaries of examiners and their auixotic notions about valuation. That is all.

'FUNNY MAGZIN'

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HOW TO WIN?

Below are 12 words, some of which contain too many letters and some too few. Spaces are provided where letters are missing. A clue appears at the side of each word with instructions in brackets as to how many letters are to be CUT or PUT, and this is what all you have to do. In No. 1 you have RUPPEES—Offered for solving this Puzzle (Cut 1). A glance will show you that one 'P' must be removed and you have the correct solution RUPEES. Again in No. 2. you have E—GHT, Six plus two makes this (Put 1). Obviously you will have to put the letter 'I' in the vacant space and you have EIGHT. Similarly, solve the others. **Some have no alternatives at all.** The letters in the words are in their proper order, and no shuffling is necessary.

No.	Word	Clue	
1	R U P P E E S	Offered for solving this puzzle	(*Cut 1*)
2	E _ G H T	Six plus two makes this ...	(*Put 1*)
3	S T I N G	Sound is heard when you do this ...	(*Cut 1*)
4	_ I L L	A document	(*Put 1*)
5	P I N E	Lowest standard of value	(*Cut 1*)
6	P _ N	It requires a point to be effective	(*Put 1*)
7	C A P S E	Worn by some people	(*Cut 1*)
8	P O I _ E	Weight	(*Put 1*)
9	T R O U G H	Violent	(*Cut 1*)
10	G R E _ _	A Colour	(*Put 2*)
11	S P A R K	A grass field	(*Cut 1*)
12	B U M _	Better keep yours hidden	(*Put 1*)

RULES.

An entrance fee of ONE RUPEE per entry must accompany by M. O. only and P. O. Receipts must be attached to entries, without which no solution will be considered. Any number of entries may be sent at the requisite fee, and **competitors are allowed to win any number of shares both in the First and the Second Prizes.** Results will be announced in THE RAINBOW of the 11th June 1935, available at all Railway Stalls. A copy of it will be sent to those enclosing two annas stamps. Managers's decision is final and legally binding, and is an express condition of entry. Other rules as usual.

Address all your entries and fees to :—

"JUBILEE SPECIAL" Competition, THE PARAMOUNT PUZZLES,

P. O. Washermanpet, MADRAS.

DON'T YOU CRY.

By BHRUNG.

If you would just take the trouble of standing on the Lawrence Road at any time of the day, and watch the road for a short time, you would soon observe a man driving a donkey-cart, singing. He is a small statured man with acquiline nose, and a head profusely adorned with jet-black curls, and a mischievens twinkle in his brown black eyes. He is of a middle age and full of wit and humour.

Day in day out, he is toiling along with his donkey, carrying sand from here to there, ever singing and singing and singing. Sometimes a song from "Laila Majnun" and sometimes from "Shirin Farhad" with due imitations of the voices of the males and females who sing the songs, and interspersed with numerous "Shers" and a sudden wave of the hands and a caper of his feet are often seen and heard. He knows not what is grousing. Many a time have I wondered and tried to think out the solution of his happiness, and his joy, and having failed in the attempt, asked the man one day. He just laughed and sang away a ditty from the play of "Leila Majnun" and drove away, dancing on the seat of his donkey-cart. Then and there I too decided that cost what it may, I shall also spend the day laughing and singing, as the man did all the days of his life.

I came back into the house and started laughing and singing in the manner as best I could. No doubt, my voice was quite "Nightingalish," (I doubt if you can trace the word in any dictionary) and the whole building seemed to be joining me in the song. My better half came running from the kitchen and begged and implored me to be quiet, pointing her finger at the cradle in which slept our darling dear baby (who sang sweet melodies whole day and night.) But was I a man to be daunted at such obstructions? I was a man of my word. I simply roared with laughter and sang and laughed all the louder, while my dear begged on and entreated.

My sweet singing roused the baby and he too joined me in the singing. At once Lalita flared up and then——— well, thank God you were not in my shoe. I was singing, (if singing it may be called) and so my child sang too (?), Lalita shouting and yelling all sorts of things that a dear husband always hears. In the end she walked away to continue her cooking, leaving me and our bonny baby to do what we pleased, wondering all the while what had taken hold of me to behave in such a funny manner.

I picked up the baby and sang on and laughed at times and giggled and tickled the child, but he went on crying. The more I laughed the more he cried. I could not understand how the dickens he could afford to cry when I was laughing, so naturally, I thought he would follow the wise saying, 'Laugh, and all the world laughs with you," but the bloke seemed to be an exception. Anyway, I thought it better to leave the boy to cry alone, and thus stick to the saying on my part atleast.

Just then, our neighbour Manohar Lal peeped in, and stared and glared at me like a wild bull ready to charge. Seeing his funny attitude I could not help but laugh the louder. Though he was our neighbour for the last ten years, I had always kept the fellow at arms length for the simple reason that my better half should never notice the fineries and fofferies that this son of a gun presented to his wife, and ask for the like.

Seeing me just laughing, he roared out, "I say. Shyam what's the big idea? At least have some consideration for your neighbours. You don't want us to run away from our house do you?"

I did not care to answer him but simply laughed on. The more I laughed the more he got excited, and the more he was enraged. He started shouting at the pitch of his voice, saying that he would go to hell if he were not to see me quite quiet in another five minutes. Well, my wife, hearing us shouting and yelling came out again, and noticing our neighbour fuming and fussing against her dear Hubby, told the buffoon to mind his own business, that we were the masters of our own house, that we paid the rent regularly and for the matter of fact, he may go to the devil with himself.

Manorama, our neighbour's wife, hearing of the "Shor-Shar" came running on the scene, and added her own sweet voice to the music that was raging, and we both, deciding to give preference to the ladies, you know, whether we like it or not. we have to act up to etiquette, backed out of the show.

We watched the battle royal of the two damsels. Ah! What music flew forth from their lips!! I could not help but remember the words, "Ah, beloved, what music can be sweeter than the thrilling, pulsating sweet notes that pour forth like honey from those tulip-red lips?" of course written by some writer.

At last the battle ended in a draw for none would give in (and how could they?). As soon as the other party disappeared my dear started chiding me for my foolishness, and started staring at me in a peculiar manner, while I went on singing and laughing as before. Having partaken of the food I started dressing for the Office. On my way in the tram I sang songs, songs composed of the first lines on innumerable songs for I new no complete song, and all the passengers laughed and roared calling me all sorts of names a man could think of. But I cared not. I had decided to laugh and sing that day, the whole day, and that, I was going to do, cost what it may.

I reached the Office and sang on until the Head Clerk put in his appearance. What was I to do now? I surely could not sing aloud. But I surmounted the difficulty by deciding to hum instead.

I started humming the death song of Leila. Hardly a minute passed when the Head Clerk shouted out, "Hey Shyam, what are you wailing about? This is office, not your home." Well, I thought, if he objects to humming, and singing was out of the way, the only thing left to me was laughing, and so I started laughing. But this put the Head in a temper, a temper unsurpassed before, and will ever remain unsurpassed hereafter.

He yelled out, "You fool, you dirty idiot, what are you laughing for?" The more he fussed, the more I fell a-laughing, and the end was I was asked to leave the Office. Still laughing I picked up my tattered cap, and marched out of the office. I knew the kind heart of the Head and knew well that he would just call me back to office the next day, when I could easily explain my conduct.

While hiking homewards, I hummed along and waved my hands at times, and sometimes laughed. I was gay as the birds on the wings. Care and worry had disappeared. I was blithe as the sky-lark. Suddenly I met my friend Ramesh hurrying towards me, and said, "Shyam, Shyam, did you hear of the accident? Our friend Ganesh has fallen from the Bus and broken his leg. He is removed to the Civil Hospital. Let's go and see him."

I told Ramesh, that I would wait for him at the Hospital gate, and stood there in the expectancy of my friend.

Standing there, all alone, unrestricted and unrestrained unhindered and unpestered by humanity, I gave vent to a jolly good "Alap", that would have put to shame any singer renowned or otherwise. An ass, that grazed on the nearest dunghill, gave out a grunt of satisfaction at my divine music, and started dancing and prancing, while joining his melodious notes to my singing. In his frolic and gaiety and his superb dancing, he pushed an old lady that was passing by the road, causing her to fall on her face. Her already teetless mouth started bleeding and she started yelling and crying. Just then, a strong and sturdy man who was passing, seeing the unhappy incident ran to her help. Raising her, he noticed the blood, and started bringing her towards the Hospital. I was still singing and at times laughing in a hilarious manner, and the man taking me to be laughing at the misfortune of the dame, flashed out his left fist and I was stretched out on the ground without much ado.

The blow knocked off one of my teeth, and the face became all black and blue. My laughter had disappeared and tears stood in my eyes. Seeing my condition, even the old hag seemed to forget her pain, and sent forth peels of laughter and her benefactor giggled in mirth, and then again did it strike me that, "If we laugh, may be, some may join us, though not always, but if we choose to cry, we cry alone.

ETIQUETTE

BY 'JHA'

MY previous article on Etiquette was, I think, not very full. There were many other sections of this Art that I had not the heart to touch on then. But now that my mother-in-law has died of carbuncles on the spleen, I feel in a better mood and would like to carry on the good work for a thousand words or so. The Editor I send this feeble attempt to, is bound to turn it down, but then, if he does, he's committing a serious breach of Etiquette, for Etiquette demands that any article on Etiquette submitted by me must, according to the rules of Etiquette, be accepted by whoever I send it to. Some time ago I submitted a rejected article to a goat that had strayed on to my back verandah. The goat accepted it with thanks and died immediately afterwards.

However, talking of goats, I don't think I'm too bad looking. In any case, as goats have nothing to do with etiquette, let us proceed.

DEALING with the subject of Christenings, remember to arrange beforehand for all of them with a clergyman. If your wife has had triplets, notify the clergyman that you are bringing along the Three musketeers for Baptism. If your wife is a great believer in the profits and benefits to be gained by mass production and so takes it into her head to have quintuplets or a baker's dozen, tell the jolly old clergyman that "The Phillistines are upon him."

Assuming that you are having a child named, when the clergyman says "Name this child," you must reply in a clear, resonant voice, "Beelzebub, you old freak—a true chip off the old block"

As regards conversation, don't talk too much or too little. If you do the former, you are a nuisance. If you do the latter, you are a nuisance. And remember that if you are in the company of a group of cattle raisers, it's very bad form to start arguing about the merits and demerits of women. Some of the cow breeders may get angry and think you are alluding to their favourite beeves and heifers.

Never discuss your own bodily or mental ailments. You will be surpaised to know that nobody wants to hear much about your ingrowing toenails, your dandruff, your water on the nose, and your decayed brain.

Sarcasm is a cheap form of wit. It is used, I very much regret to say, by many Editors and men who have been disappointed in love. I am one of the latter. I've got a face like a soup dish and a nature like a worm, And so I use sarcasm. I'm allowed to.

On the subject of deportment, always carry yourself abont in an erect manner and don't go trailing your nose about in the dust. People will think you're trying to smell out something unpleasant. If you happen to be fat and flabby, you can always encase your body in splints, Plaster of Pairs, or armour. Or you can imagine you are a hippopotamus and gallop about all over the place with your rudder stuck up in the air.

Don't always stand with your hands in your pockets. People may think that you've got a lot of money to give away. It is even worse to do this when you are talking to an ugly lady with teeth like the quills of a porcupine She may think you've got a marriage license up your sleeve.

Never chew your finger nails in public. Somebody is bound to throw you a bone and say "Bow-wow!"

On entering a room full of people, friends and otherwise, don't creep furtively in and look as if you heartily wished you were a cockroach so that you could take shelter in one of the cracks in the floor or behind one of the ladies' ears. That is bad form. All shyness is. On the other hand, don't look too bold about it all, or else you may get chased out of the place with much gnashing of teeth and blowing through noses.

I've only a word to say on Wedding Etiquette. Bachelors should remain bachelors and spinsters should stick to their spinsterhood. It is bad form to get married. It is even worse to have children; especially if you carry out the above wedding etiquette.

Once you have entered a room and sat down, don't cross your legs. People may imagine you are one of those India Rubber men and ask you to tie yourself in knots and bite the back of your neck just to amuse them. And don't sit nervously right on the end of a chair. If you do your hosts will think that you are indirectly accusing them of having placed a large nail on the seat.

A few words on chivalry. Although women claim to have worked up to an equal basis with men, don't think you can treat them as hard boiled males. Just treat them as hard boiled females. As thus:— A stalwart woman enters the bus in which you are the only male occupant, and an under-sized, weasel looking occupant at that—— amongst a horde of females. You promptly rise from your seat and jump out of the bus, murmuring, "*Fas est et ab hoste doceri,*" which is Latin for, "It is right to be taught, even by an enemy."

Regarding letter writing, never type a letter to a friend. This method is reserved for hard hearted enemies Always type your letters to Editors. If you are writing a long letter to an Editor trying to persuade him to accept an article of yours on "Fleas, and how to avoid them," you should begin, "My Darling Editor," and finish, "Yours until death us do part,"

Just a word or two on the pronunciation of some words. This is a highly interesting subject. "Husband" as "Heartless Worm" or "Something Something Brute," "Wife" as "Henpecker-Henpeckhim," and child as "Damn-one-more-mouth-to-feed."

Well, that's that. If you, dear reader, think that this article is all rot, twaddle and Bosh that is also Blasted, well, you'll be quite right. It is. But aren't we all ?

Our Grand Annual Number

(OUT ON JULY 20th)

Our issue of 20th July 1935 will be a grand Annual Number. It will contain more than 100 pages and will be chokeful of laughs. Only the pick of the MSS. we have received for the last three months goes into the DeLuxe Number.

The Editor will pay Rs. 150 to the article which is considered the best in the annual. Other selected MSS. will be paid for at our usual rates. The winning MS. will be decided by popluar Ballot.

So look sharp, you contributors! and land the big prize! There will also be a Rs. 1,000 competition in easy picture puzzles.

Address all MSS. before 15th June to:—

THE ANNUAL No. LITERARY COMPETITION,

C/o **THE 'FUNNY MAGZIN'**

No. 6, Lawyer Chinnathambi Mudali St.,

Sowcarpet, Madras.

ABSENCE OF MIND

BY ANANTHAN.

A WOMAN put her baby into the washing tub, and its dirty frock and petti-coat into the cradle, and set her little boy to rock it. She did not discover her mistake until the baby cried out, when she pinned its left leg to the line, as she hung it out in the yard to dry.

A gentleman addicted to taking snuff, let fall his handkerchief; stooping to pick it up, he seized hold of a lady's dress, wiped his nose with it and commenced stuffing it into his coat-pocket. He did not discover his mistake until he found it pocket full.

A man intending to wind up his watch, through a sudden attack of absence of mind, wound up himself. He did not perceive his mistake until his cerditors refused to allow him to go upon TICK any longer.

A land agent having to ride out in great haste one day, actually clapped the saddle upon his own back instead of his mare's and never found out the mistake till he was fatigued with vainly trying to get upon himself.

People in love are very apt to forget themselves. A lady having written, folded and sealed a love letter tripped away to the post-office. Her mind being engrossed in imagining the delight the fond object she had addressed would experience in receiving her communication, caused her to make a slight mistake; she dropped the letter unconsciously on the foot-path, and posted herself! nor did she discover her error until the post-master asked, when about to stamp her, whether she was double or single.

An absent minded gentleman, on returning at night, put his dog to bed and kicked himself down-stairs. He did not discover his mistake until he began to yelp and the dog tried to snore.

A man in attempting to hang himself, forgot to put the rope round his neck, and jumped off the barrel into a mud-hole.

Doctor Wise, wishing to boil an egg for five-minutes, held the egg on his palm and puting the watch in boiling water, waited for the five minutes to pass.

A Doctor on calling upon a gentleman who had been for some time ailing put a fee into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not made sensible of the error till, he found himself dying and the pateint getting better.

An Editor who lately copied from a hostile paper, one of his own articles, headed it "WRETCHED ATTEMPT AT PLAGIARISM."

The Wooing of Simple John Dory

By H. N. CLAY.

Listen to me folks I will tell you the story
Of the luckless wooing of Simple John Dory.
It began one day when John came to me
With a face as long as you ever did see.

"What's the matter John?" I wanted to know
He sighed and then murmured in a voice full of woe.
"I am in love" said John "but Phyllis you see
"Is simply unmoved by my love's ecstasy."

"The trouble with you John" I said with a shake
Of my head, "is this; you are far too prosaic."
"But nothing is lost yet, so do not despair
"I will give you some hints which you follow with care.

"When next you take Phyl for a walk in the park
"Just do as I tell you but wait till its dark.
"Then tell her 'The gold, my dear, in your hair
Is rare as the gold of theIndies is rare'

"Gradually coming down to her eyes
"Tell her they remind you of cool summer skies.
'Her lips too, remember, must evoke your praise
"Tell her 'Cupid's bow has no such curving grace.'

"Then, one musn't forget her nose too you know
"Tell her its the cutest li'l thing you e'er saw.
"And believe me John, before you have ended
"She will fly to your arms like a spring unbended."

"Thank you', sighed John as he reached for his hat
"I did not know 'twas as easy as that.
"You have made me, indeed, a very happy man.
"I will follow your hints as far as I can."

"Good luck" I said "and please take care
To come back and tell me how exactly you fare."
A day went by, then a second and third
A week. Yet no news from John I heard.

Ten days, twelve, in rapid succession
They all went by in endless procession.
At last when a month had come and gone
One day, when I least expected him, came John.

His eyes glistened dully, his cheeks were like ash
That something was wrong, I could easily guess.
"Have you been ill John?" I almost cried.
In reply he shook his head sadly and sighed.

"Ill?" he snsered sinking into a chair
"I am as good as dead. Phyl has given me the air."
I looked amazed. "Oh has she? Then by glory
You are going to tell me the whole ruddy story."

He told me. A story incoherent and slow
But pieced together it was as is below:
Tho' John *did* take Phyl for a walk in the park
He sort o' grew perplexed as the evening grew dark

"Phylis" He began with a tug at his tie
Then stopped. "You—I mean we—er—that is I"
He fumbled, then flushed then coughed for a while
Till, "yes John?" said Phyl with a heart-giving smile.

John gulped; then suddenly "Your eyes Phyl, you know
They always remind me—er—of Cupid's bow."
Phyl stared. "I don't quite understand" she breath'd
But John, our hero, wasn't paying any heed.

"And as for your nose Phyl" John resumed with sighs
"It is blue as the blue of cool summer skies."
Phyllis nearly jumped out of her seat
"Why John" she said "have you been out in the heat?"

Not that John understood at all what she meant,
For soon he resumed, blissfully innocent:
"And Phyllis my darling, I well can dare
'Say that nothing can be as li'le as your hair.

"And your lips too my dear I mustn't forget
Are golden as no gold has ever been yet.
"And as for your——" CRASH—Ouch said our hero
As quickly his love's ecstasy sank to zero

Dabbing a wet handkerchief to his nose
He groaned and went home to brood over his woes.
For Phyllis (we can all well understand why)
Had landed one on his nose and one on his eye.

"You brute" she had cried, "for these insults you'll pay"
As wrathful'y homeward she wended her way.
And that, folks, is the end of the story
Of the luckless wooing of Simple John Dory.

BRAIN SPARKLERS

A LIVE WIRE.

SHE WAS ONLY AN ELECTRICIAN'S DAUGHTER, BUT SHE WAS SO EASILY SHOCKED.

PEPIGRAM.

The ability to be has its liabilities.

THE CRUELLEST SLAP IN THE FACE IS OFTEN THAT DELIVERED BEHIND ONE'S BACK.

The fellow who collects letters after his name does it by degrees.

The only time some men shine in company is when they are wearing their old suit.

WHEN THE LEADING LADY QUARRELS WITH A PRODUCER, ALL THE CHORUS GIRLS ARE WILLING TO TAKE HER PART.

Trust the office-girl to get on with the filing should her finger-nails require attention.

A man must be master
Within his home life—
And this is a tale full of morals—
His word must be law
Or he'll find that is wife
Won't e'en let him pick his own quarrels !

ARRESTED—
THE FORGER WHO USED A PEN NAME !

No matter how much some girls reduce, they'll never be bargains !

If the law is an ass, some of us have got a kick coming !

TOO MANY PARENTS ARE NOT ON SPANKING TERMS WITH THEIR CHILDREN.

Of all the things you wear, your expression is the most important.

WELL, ONE CAN BUY MORE FOR THE RUPEE NOWADAYS—IF ONE HAPPENS TO HAVE A RUPEE.

Very !

If a man wears trousers the world is plural, but if he doesn't—well, it's singular.

Some people speak as they find, others just slip it into their pockets and quietly walk away.

ALMOST ANY GIRL CAN BE KISSED BY FORCE OF ARMS OR HABIT.

Peculiar names are sometimes given to race-horses. Especially when they're also-rans.

There's many a true word spoken of guests.

Perfect peace is that period of silence which invariably follows a tactless remark.

A Warning !

Convict : " Be careful of these advertising slogans. I took the advice of one of them and got five years for doing so."

Friend : " Which one was that ?"

Convict : " Make money at home,"

* * *

With a Kick.

The guests were seated round the table for the wedding breakfast. The parson was present, and in due course was asked to give the toast of the bride.

" But, my dear friends," he blushed confusedly, "I'm a teetotaller."

"Never mind," put in a guest, "drink her health in milk or water,"

A little milk was poured into a glass and while the parson made his speech another guest managed to add a large quantity of whisky. On concluding his speech the parson reached for his glass.

"Friends all," he said, "the bride !"

He took a liberal gulp, paused, then smacked his lips and said:

"My—what a cow !"

* * *

The Old Spoil-sport.

A holiday biker came upon a village of historical interest, and paused, to question a local inhabitant.

"This is the spot where the great twelfth century battle was fought, isn't it ?" he said.

"No, zur," replied the villager gravely, "It were on top of the hill "

"Strange, fighting on top of the hill," said the hiker. " I wonder why it was not fought in the field."

" I suppose it's because it be Farmer Brown's field." said the other in a hushed whisper. "The old miser won't even lend it for our village sports."

* * *

A ticket-Inspector entered a train to Chomutov, in Bohemia. He examined several tickets and told each of the holders that they were in the wrong train. They must, he said, change at once,

As his progress along the carriage continued, he found still more passengers who had made a mistake about the train.

Then one of them had a bright idea, and asked the ticket-inspector whether he was not in the wrong train.

He was.

* * *

As the train was passing through a station, one of the passengers leaned out of the window, overbalanced and fell out. Fortunately, he landed on a sand-heap and suffered no great injury.

"What shall I do?" he asked a porter.

"You're all right mister," said the porter, calmly : "your ticket allows you to break your journey."

* * *

At a trial, one of the witnesses was a countryman, unused to the ways of the law, but quick, as it proved, to understand its fundamentals. After a severe cross-examination, counsel for the prosecution paused, and then, putting on a look of severity, exclaimed :

"Mr. Kilkins, has not an effort been made to induce you to tell a different story ?"

" A different story from what I told sir ?',

" That is what I mean,"

" Yes, sir, Several persons have tried to get me to tell a different story from what I have told, but they could not.

" Now, sir : upon your oath, I wish to know who those persons are."

" Well, sir, I guess you've tried about as hard as any of them,"

* * *

No Laughing Matter.

A Dear old lady visited the Zoo, and after wandering about for some time went up to a keeper and tapped him on the shoulder with her handbag.

" I want to ask you," she said, "which of the animals you consider the most remarkable."

The keeper scratched his head for a while.

" Well, ma'am," he said at length " after careful consideration I've come to the conclusion that the biscuit goes to the laughing hyena."

" Indeed ! And why do you consider the laughing hyena so remarkable ?"

" Well, ma'am, he only has a sleep once a month, an' he only has a drink once a year, so what he's got to laugh about is a mystery to me ?"

* * *

Simple.

Old Mr. Spoffins was walking down the street when he observed a glitering silver coin lying on the pavement He stopped and picked it up and put it in his pocket.

A rough-looking fellow, who was walking a few yards behind and had seen the proceeding, began to wonder what the old man had picked up. Suddenly an idea, struck him. Running up to the old man, he tapped him on the shoulder and said, " Eh, mister, that's my half crown."

"Oh," said the other, "you can have it with pleasure.

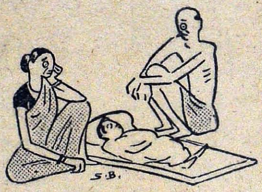
He put his hand in to his pocket and withdrew the coin. It was a shilling."

" I'm sorry I haven't enough change " he said, "but take this and I'll owe you eighteen-pence,"

The Kabuliwallah

By B. N. SAHAY.

1. *When money is scarce with you,*
When Banker's **kists** *are long overdue,*
Your **sowcar** *comes like Shylock jew,*
With compliments hot and chosen few,



2. *The landlord much more furious grew,*
You failed to pay his rent and due,
When all the doors are closed for you,
Here he comes to your rescue.

3. *When your ailing child, sullen and thin,*
For want of money has no medicine,
No pice in house nor anythin',
You go to all to beg and grin.

4. *You run for help from place to place,*
Misery stares you on your face,
With turban big and cruel grace,
He comes to you with furrowed face.

5. *You tried your friends both old and new,*
In time of need, they all withdrew.
Some hid their face, some sickly grew,
some frankly said 'I can't help you'

6. *Some closed their doors, some did abscond,*
As if they broke their friendship bond,
When your wife's jewels have all been pawned,
He comes to you as sun has dawned.

The Greedy Zemindar

By L. P. ANANTAN,

(Youth League Member No. 57)

There was once a prince who by occasion of hunting became acquainted with a poor wood cutter. He would often repair to his house and partake of puffed rice, milk and sugar. Some years later the king of the country died and the prince became king. The wood-cutter's wife came to know of this and she entreated her husband to take a dish of puffed rice to the king. The wood-cutter was loth to go. "What foolish woman!' quoth he; the great Princes remember not such small pleasures." Nevertheless the wife prevailed and the wood-cutter set out to the palace.

The way being long the weary wood-cutter eat almost all of the dish he was carrying, and when he arrived at the palace-gate there was only a ball as big as a lime, of puffed rice.

The king recognised him and was well pleased. He received the puffed rice with pleasure and invited the wood-cutter to dinner and afterwards sent him away with 1000 Gold mohurs. He also bade his minister to lock up the ball of puffed rice along with his valuables in the strong-room as a souvenir.

When this was known to a local Zemindar he decided to give something very costly to the king. So he adorned his charger with gold lace cloth and presented the steed to the king. The king perceiving that he did it because of the liberality he had shown to the wood-cutter decided to teach him a lesson.

So he bade one of his courtier to bring the ball of puffed rice and gave it with his own hand to the courtier and said

"We hope your present is well recompensed for this treasure hath cost us 1000 mohurs!"

Dear Members.

Entries for the Jubilee story competition came in hundreds; but many of them were from non-members, and so were disqualified. The prize of Rs. 25 has been awarded to L. P. Anantan, Member No. 57 of Madura. Now here is some real good news for you all. I am awarding two prizes (for members only) in the 'Annual Competition! The 20th July issue of the 'Funny' will be a grand Bumper number. It will contain more than 100 pages and will he priced only at As. 2. The Youth League Corner too will be bigger better and brighter than over. There will be a prize of Rs. 25 for the best story submitted (Not more than 500 words) before June 10th and there will be another prize of Rs. 10 for the best poem submitted (not more than 12 lines). So look sharp and land the big prizes.

Yours Sincerely,

'COUSIN EDDIE'

COMPETITION NO. 11

Closing Date 12—6—35

1st Prize Rs. 15 *Only (for Children below 18 years)*

2nd Prize Rs. 10.

Here you see eight pictures. There is also a list of clues given. Out of thes find the correct clues to the pictures.

For example 1. is RING. Now proceed with the other seven.

Children's Puzzle No. 11 (Coupon.)

CLOSING DATE 12TH JUNE 1935

1 RING. *Age*..........
2. ....
3. .... *Address*..............................
4. ....
5. ....
6. ....
7. ....
8. ....
....

LIST OF CLUES.

1. Ring	5. Windmill	9. Write	13. Church	17. Wade
2. Bank	6. Door	10. Fish	14. Stack	18. Hooked
3. Fallow-field	7. Lass	11. Cottage	15. Kirk-wall	
4. Ford	8. Field	12. Catch	16. Hill-house	

Forward this coupon to 'Cousin Eddie' to become a member of Funzin's 'Youth League'.

Dear Cousin Eddie,

I wish to be a member of the Youth League. I enclose 4 as. in stamps.

Name..............................*Date of Birth*..............................

Father's or Guardian's Name..............................

His Occupation..............................

Sex..............................

Address..............................

Signature..............................

Date..............................193 .

Funny Magzin Competition

Rs. 250 CASH PRIZES.

In our 'Countries and Continents' Competition.

Closing Date 20-6-35 Results on 5-7-35.

ENTRANCE FEE ONE ANNA.

What you have to do?

Below you are given ten rows of names of Countries and Continents whose letters have been jumbled. Each row when arranged in order will give you either the name of a country or continent. Among the jumbled letters there may be some unnecessary letters also. In order to guide you in finding out the names a part of the name either at the beginning or at the end has been given against each row. For example in No. 1. The letters ACEFMNRYZ are given. The given partial name is nce. So The solution for the first row ends in NCE. The possible name for that is FRANCE. From the given letters, France can be formed and hence the solution is FRANCE. Similarly the other 9 names can be found out.

Jumbled Names.	*Partial Names.*
1. ACEFMNRYZ	1. ... ... NCE
2. ACDLOSTNP	2. SCO ... ...
3. AAAILRSTU	3. AUS ... ...
4. AAABDIINR	4. ... ... IA.
5. ADEEGLNNR	5. ... ... LAND
6. ABEGMNRY	6. ... ... ANY.
7. ACDEILNR	7. ... ... LAND.
8. AACEFIMR	8. ... ... RICA
9. ADLNOP	9. ... ... LAND,
10. AAIMNRSSU	10. ... ... IA.

Funny Magzin Entry Coupon

Countries and Continents Competition.

CLOSING DATE 20-6-35.

1 **FRANCE**

2. ....

3. ....

4. ....

5. ....

6. ....

7. ....

8. ....

9. ....

10. ....

I agree to abide by the decision of the Editor.

Signature ....

Name *Mr. / Miss or Mrs.* ....

Address ....

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1. Entries must be in the special Funny Magzin coupons printed below. Each entry sent on the coupon should be accompanied by an entrance fee 1 anna either in Indian Postal stamps or by Postal order or by M. O. If the coupons are not available entries can be sent on plain paper with competitors name and addresses cearly filled up. Each entry sent on plain piece of paper should be accompanied by 2½ as. [1 anna entrance fee + 1½ as. the price of the coupon.]

2. The First Prize of Rs. 150 will be awarded to the correct solution, that is one which agrees with the Editor's sealed solution and the second prize of Rs. 100 to the next best in merit. In case of ties, the prizes will be divided.

3. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to this competition is final. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the solutions that may be mislaid or lost. No correspondence can be entered into.

4. Solutions must be addressed to the Competition Editor "FUNNY MAGZIN," Sowcarpet, Madras, and must reach the Funny Magzin office before the evening of 20-6-35. Entries received after the closing date will not be considered.

AN

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to

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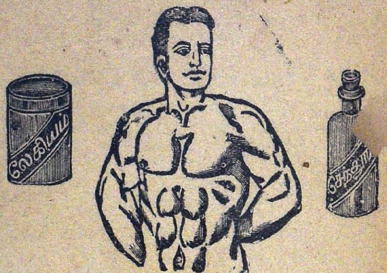

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